The Nation

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The Week

Between Mr. Mann, Republican leader in the House of Representatives, and Speaker Clark, who took the floor to reply to his "calamity" talk the other day, honors are even. Mr. Mann draws a harrowing picture of poverty and unemployment in Chicago, and declares that "the President and the other side of the House," instead of doing something to relieve the situation, are pursuing the "fatuous policy that they talked about on the stump." Mr. Clark, then rising to reply, makes one point which, it must be admitted, is highly effective. Mr. Mann had pointed to the soup-houses and bread-lines brought in by the calamity of Democratic rule, and had declared that nothing of the kind was known in the panic year of 1907; whereupon Mr. Clark neatly counters as follows:

> The gentleman says there were no soup-houses in 1907. In that year I made a speech here, and quoted a whole lot of this kind of stuff which he has been quoting here to-day. Republican soup-houses was my theme on that occasion.

This candid reference to his own buncombe of the past is well enough as a reply to Mr. Mann's buncombe of the present; but why introduce a fresh bit of buncombe by throwing out dark suspicions that the present depression, or the talk about it, is part of a Republican conspiracy to destroy the country's prosperity?

> Frank G. Allen, plough manufacturer of Moline, Ill., is to be the standard-bearer of the new Progressive party for United States Senator in the campaign of 1914. This was decided to-day at the State conference of the Moose men.

But how can a mere conference, even though it be composed of the wisest men in the party, decide upon a nominee for office? What are primaries for? At the very time when these Illinois leaders of the Progressives were acting like reactionaries, the Progressives in the House of Representatives at Washington were calling attention to "the fact that reform of the National Convention does not touch the fundamental difference between the Progressive and Republican parties, and that in all probability Presidential candidates hereafter will be nominated, not by conventions, but by a direct vote of the people." Isn't what is good enough for a Presidential candidate good enough for one who is running for the Senate? Yet we read that in Ohio, too, the Progressives are to hold a conference early in January "to take steps to put a complete ticket in the field in the campaign for State offices next November."

Few thought that President Wilson might veto the Hetch-Hetchy bill. When it passed both houses of Congress by emphatic majorities, its becoming a law was generally taken for granted. In signing the bill, which he says he examined with care, Mr. Wilson gives a statement of his reasons for approval. These may be strong enough to have prevented him from exercising the veto power, and we raise no doubt of his having done what he sincerely thought to be his duty. A President does well to hesitate and be sure of his ground before setting up his judgment against the deliberate vote of Congress. But an argument for not vetoing the bill after it is passed is one thing, and the argument against voting for the bill while it was pending is quite another. The latter is the argument which the champions of the integrity of the national parks urged, and they need not now withdraw anything they have said. President Wilson, without naming him, plainly alludes to Mr. Gifford Pinchot as one of the great advocates of conservation who have yet favored the Hetch-Hetchy invasion of the Yosemite. But this only shows how careful a man like Mr. Pinchot ought to be, lest his deserved authority be misused. And in this particular case it has been more than intimated that Mr. Pinchot was willing to give up Hetch-Hetchy in order to induce San Franciscans to be more favorable to the general policy of conservation.

The dissolution of the great telegraph and telephone combination presents three points of cardinal interest. In the first place, it is conclusive evidence that the feat can be done—a thing that has been denied over and over in regard to cases of similar nature. This conclusion is distinctly emphasized by the fact that the dissolution was effected by friendly understanding between the company and the Attorney-General; for in order to satisfy Mr. McReynolds as he has been satisfied, it may be assumed that the practical effectiveness of the scheme of dissolution was fully made out to his mind. In the second place, it is impossible to look upon the latest development in the series of great merger-dissolutions otherwise than as a link in the chain of legitimate consequences of the memorable decisions of the Supreme Court, during Mr. Taft's Administration, in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. And finally, as an indication of the immediate temper of the time, the affair has very much the look of a manifestation of desire on the part of the Wilson Administration for peace and not turmoil between Government and business.

Two alternatives are suggested in the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the "persistence" of train accidents, "leading always to the same harrowing results." Either "a great majority of these deplorable railway disasters are unavoidable, or there exists a widespread lack of intelligent and well-directed effort to minimize the mistakes of employees in the operation of trains." For, the report says squarely, "All of the mistakes noted above are violations of simple rules, which should have been easily understood by men of sufficient intelligence to be entrusted with the operation of trains." The Commission goes even further. "The evidence is that in the main *the rules are understood*" (our italics). But in many cases "operating officers are cognizant of this habitual disregard of rules, and no proper steps are taken to correct the evil." Has the Commission ever heard of one James O. Fagan and of his showing up of the attitude of labor unions towards attempts by railway managers to enforce discipline? Does the Commission know that one great railway was recently threatened with a strike because it proposed to take "proper steps to correct the evil" of avoidable accidents?

A country proud of such achievements as Col. Gorgas's ought to be sensitive to

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the charge made by Professor Sedgwick, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, that most of our city and State health boards are "incompetent and inefficient." His speech echoes opinions expressed at the recent dedication of the medical buildings of the University of Nebraska. Speaking there for the West, as Professor Sedgwick has just spoken for the East, one scientist remarked that "trained experts are nowhere more seriously needed and unfortunately more difficult to secure than in the field of public health." Professor Sedgwick reminded the cities that they did not spend time or money enough on experts in bacteriology, municipal hygiene, and sanitary engineering. Professor Ward asserted that the State and other universities did not make adequate provision for training such experts. But both pointed to the same need. If the cities and States wake up to demand trained men, the laboratories will turn them out.

The Boston grand jury, which has reported that it had not found sufficient evidence to warrant the indictment of any one for responsibility for the deaths of twenty-eight men in the recent lodging-house fire there, makes another statement of a kind that occurs with almost monotonous regularity in the story of such calamities. The insufficiency of the fire escapes had not missed the attention of the inspectors of the Building Department, and an order had been issued to the owner, six weeks before the disaster, to supply additional means of escape in case of fire; but nothing had been done about it. It is often stated that there is not a sufficient number of inspectors in our cities; but the trouble lies deeper. One inspector, under a system in which strict and stern enforcement of orders prevails, is more to the purpose than five inspectors with a lax execution of the law.

To discussion of the many-sided problem of education in the South a proposal for compulsory education in Virginia has made a contribution of great, if indirect, encouragement to workers against child labor. Of the 600,000 children in Virginia, only 400,000 ever see the inside of a public schoolroom. Those who defend the present district-option system of passing on enforced schooling base their arguments on the higher taxes involved in a change; the root of the matter being the inveterate prejudice against compulsory education of the negro. It is highly encouraging to find papers like the Richmond *Virginian* defending the proposal. Deducting from the 200,000 the children in private schools and those above fourteen, the *Virginian* estimates that only the cost of educating 60,000 would be added to the present burden of the schools, and asks if that is too great to be assumed at once. The child-labor law in Virginia fixes the age limit at fourteen, and not at twelve, as in most Southern States, and the palpable evils resulting from idleness are behind the agitation. If to the children of a State is given leisure to study, facilities must follow.

Sixteen years of experience with the indeterminate-sentence law in Indiana show, according to the Board of Charities of that State, that of every hundred prisoners paroled, fifty-seven do as they agree and are discharged from supervision, twenty-six violate their parole, the sentences of six expire during the parole period, so that they are automatically discharged, two die, and the remaining nine are under supervision at a given time, "reporting" regularly. An interesting portion of the statement is that dealing with the financial aspect of the system. The earnings of these prisoners during the time they "reported" totalled more than $2,000,000. Their expenses amounted to $1,700,000. Hence, instead of costing the State $172 a year each, as does the average prisoner, these paroled men and women made their way and had savings of about $50 each. It is pointed out that "indeterminate" is a somewhat misleading designation, as the sentences served must fall between the minimum and the maximum terms prescribed by statute for the crime committed. The parole boards at the various institutions have wide latitude both in granting pardons and in withdrawing the liberty of persons on parole.

Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain and Mrs. Alva E. Belmont, by their interposition in support of the "white slave" moving-picture films in this city, are helping to identify the cause of woman suffrage with the advocacy of exhibitions of that character. Qualify it as they will, their attitude will be taken by sober people, and, we believe, will be justly taken, as indicating a desire for the undiscriminating exploitation, before general audiences, of subjects the handling of which in that manner is full of danger. The presumption that this mischief vastly outweighs any good that may be accomplished is so strong that the most weighty and convincing evidence is required to overthrow it. Certainly no one will regard Mrs. Belmont's *ipsa dixit* as constituting such evidence. That she thinks the drawing of miscellaneous crowds to such an exhibition as the police have been endeavoring to suppress a "mighty service" of which "future generations will reap the benefit" will be held perhaps to throw fresh light on the quality of her reasoning powers.

"Agitation," we read, "for celebrating the tercentenary of the Pilgrims' landing, and for a world's fair, began in 1909. It was felt that unless something was done to inform the world of New England's claim upon the year 1920 some other community might preëmpt the date." In this is tacit admission of the hampering multiplicity of international expositions. If Panama were to profit by Yankee shrewdness, she might soon proclaim that in 2214 will be held a fair celebrating the tercentenary of the Canal's completion. The case parallels the hurried announcement of the scholar that he has selected a certain spot in the domain of knowledge for a book, and warns all others off. But is it not possible that Plymouth's ambition overleaps itself? Of late, there has been a tendency to deny the necessity of world-wide participation in all world's fairs; from which we might assume the possibility of two existing simultaneously—perhaps not side by side, but in different hemispheres.

The recall has been invoked in Orangeburg, S. C., against the Mayor and a Councilman, who are charged with being "temperamentally unfit" for their positions. This is an illuminating commentary upon the assurance which advocates of this device often give us, that the recall will be resorted to only in cases of real importance. If the present attempt in Orangeburg fails, why not start another petition for a recall election, upon the ground that the clothes

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of the Mayor and the Councilman in question are not of a suitable color or cut for occupants of the offices they hold? Perhaps Orangeburg is democratic enough to entertain a petition setting forth that these officials part their hair in the middle, or are a bit fussy about their ties. The Columbia *State*, while having its doubts about the desirability of making temperamental fitness an issue, reconciles itself to this election by the consideration that it may call the attention of the people of South Carolina to the existence of the recall as an essential part of the commission plan of government. Unless the recall is occasionally resorted to its value will deteriorate. This is, indeed, a point that must not be overlooked. Why not insure attention to it by providing that if no one voluntarily invokes the recall, it shall be the duty of the Corporation Counsel to do so at least as often as every third year?

Huerta's generals have taken a leaf out of the book of Pancho Villa, by enlisting the services of a press agent. The Constitutionalist commander has always given notice of his strategic moves several days ahead. It is true that he has usually followed up his advance notice by attacking in quite a different place from the one designated and in a manner not at all outlined in his "release" copy. This is poor newspaper ethics. The efficacy of the method is undeniable, however, and is acknowledged by the other side. Thus, in response to Villa's explicit statement of his plans with regard to the advance from Chihuahua on Mexico City, comes a detailed strategic plan from Gen. Mercado, in command of the forces which recently evacuated Chihuahua with extraordinary celerity. Mercado now announces that he will immediately proceed to retake Juarez and Chihuahua, and by interposing himself between the rebels and their base of supplies sound the death-knell of the revolution. Whether an army that felt itself too weak to hold a fortified city against the enemy is now strong enough to retake that city, together with other cities designated, is open to question. It would need a first-class press agent to make the thing seem probable.

The "heroism" of Lieut. Forstner, who struck a lame cobbler of Alsace over the head with his sabre, has been rewarded with a sentence of forty-three days' imprisonment. This is the minimum penalty provided for such offences. As evidence at the court-marial proved the Lieutenant's allegation untenable that he had drawn his weapon in self-defence, it had no choice but to find him guilty. The outcome of the trial must be satisfying to the outraged population of the disaffected provinces. It indicates the willingness of the higher officers in the German army to do the honorable thing. Had the offence committed by the Lieutenant been a really grave one, had he killed the cobbler and followed this up by slaughtering a few bystanders, doubtless the penalty would have been something more than the minimum imposed. But with the necessity of keeping the rabble in a proper attitude towards their superiors, so that the latter will not be under the painful necessity of rebuking "wild game" now and then, even the Alsatians must see that it would not do to be too hard upon a high-spirited young officer.

The difficulty of stamping out the duel in Germany is made plain by a recent occurrence in the army. It seems that a first lieutenant in one of the crack Guard regiments was retired a couple of years ago on the ground that he was unfitted for a military career by reason of the lack of the "power of decision" necessary in a military officer. The facts in the case have now been made public as follows: This officer notified his superior officers that because of conscientious scruples he could not subscribe to the doctrine of the duel. He was besought by a group of officers to change his mind. He yielded to them sufficiently to withdraw his protest, but the next morning his religious convictions resumed their sway, and he again notified the authorities that he stood by his position. They promptly retired him for indecision of character, which they carefully explained had nothing to do with his attitude towards duelling. They maintained that a man who could change his mind twice in twenty-four hours had not the force needed to make decisions in military emergencies. The case has attracted a great deal of attention in Berlin, and is likely to be discussed in the Reichstag.

Cardinal Rampolla's retirement from the office of Papal Secretary, just ten years ago, may have been partly out of disappointment at his failure to be chosen as successor to Leo XIII. But since Rampolla's election had been prevented by the veto of Austria, which presumably was well-inclined to the choice of Cardinal Sarto, it would have been difficult for Rampolla to carry on the Papal foreign policy under the new Pontiff. The Cardinal's sympathies were with the Western Powers as against the Triple Alliance. Under his successor, Merry del Val, the controversy between the Vatican and France, for some time under way, was sharply accentuated, and resulted, within two years, in the enactment of the Separation law, the after effects of which are still visible in French political life. In Spain and Portugal, too, the Vatican has suffered reverses more or less severe since the passing of Cardinal Rampolla from power. In his failure to reach the Papal throne were once more exemplified the dangers that beset a personality strong enough to make enemies and not strong enough to ride down all opposition.

It now seems certain that it is the intention of President Yuan Shi-Kai to dissolve the Parliament at Peking. The step may be regarded as only a temporary setback to the cause of representative government in China. It is a form of reaction which other nations have witnessed and which would seem to be almost inevitable in the evolution of parliamentary institutions. For Yuan Shi-Kai, facing the obstruction of the representatives from the southern provinces, the move may be of immediate expediency. But it is also one fraught with danger. The revolutionists of the South have been furnished with an excuse for another uprising. The hatred between the North and the South is a permanent factor on which those who oppose the rule of Peking can count. Sun Yat-Sen, the head of the recent uprising in the South, has made it plain that the struggle will be carried on. Under China's loose system of provincial government and in the absence of a formidable standing army, there will always be local centres of discontent, and, when the opportunity offers, insurrection. Instead of attempting the extremely difficult task of allaying the historic enmity between the Chinese of the North and the South, Yuan Shi-Kai has preferred to put in force repression.

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THE BANKING AND CURRENCY LAW.

The cloud of dust with which partisan or professional misrepresentation had so long surrounded the Banking and Currency bill has suddenly blown away, and the public recognizes the measure for what it actually is—one of the most remarkable achievements in sound constructive legislation of our time. We do not so characterize it merely for the purpose of echoing the belated enthusiasm of those critics who, until the passage of the law had become inevitable, refused to perceive anything of the good that was in the bill. Still less do we dispute the assertion—the last stand of the purely destructive critics—that cordial approval of the act has been made possible largely through the amendments of the past two weeks. On the contrary, we wish to-day to express our own emphatic judgment that the result is most remarkable, for the very reason that the effort at currency reform began under such weighty handicaps, and that sober and statesmanlike deliberation has swept them so effectively away.

About every great fiscal measure of the past half-century, in this country, has been made up of a bundle of compromises with the faction of unsound finance. The Specie Resumption Act was a notable instance of the process; the Silver Purchase Act was chiefly a surrender to such influences; the Gold Standard Act of 1900 was enacted only after reiterating the legal-tender proviso for Government paper money. That the present law goes to the statute books without a single compromise of this sort, on any vital part of the working machinery of the bill, is therefore a most exceptional result. That it should have been the work of the party which, barely a dozen years ago, was captured by Populistic leaders and committed to depreciated money—by a party in whose deliberations, during the six months' Congressional debate upon the bill, the theories of inflation have repeatedly found angry and defiant assertion—makes the issue at least a landmark in the history of American politics.

No one is likely to deny that the credit for this achievement lies in great degree with President Wilson, to whose firmness, persistency, and unfailing tact has been largely due the defeat of ignorant and factious opposition within the party. Mr. Wilson's prestige must in justice be divided with the Chairman of the House Committee, Mr. Carter Glass, whose thorough knowledge of the subject, obstinate refusal to yield to the fads and fancies urged by influential public men, and constant readiness to accept intelligent criticism of his bill by the banking community, kept the true ideal of the proposed legislation unswervingly before Congress and the people. Only with Tuesday's publication of the text of the new measure did those critics who still withheld approval, because the Senate amendments had dispensed entirely with requirements of an actual cash reserve in vaults of individual banks, learn that Mr. Glass forced the conference committee to restore that safeguard. By no means least of all, credit for the practical machinery of the measure belongs to ex-Senator Aldrich, the general theory and framework of whose own plan for banking reform—patiently and, in our judgment, patriotically shaped by its author during a long examination of the subject—have been incorporated in the act.

There are sections of the law which are copied nearly verbatim from the Aldrich bill; and the reason is that the wording and purport of those sections could not be improved on. But the act is none the less distinctly superior to the Aldrich plan—not only because it has successfully avoided that plan's politically impossible expedient of a single central bank controlled by private banking interests, but because certain grave and positive evils in the Aldrich bill have been removed. The present act compels no one to accept the notes except the Government; in this it stands with the National Bank Act. The Aldrich bill, like the Silver Purchase Act of 1890, forced their acceptance for all, except the exclusively gold payments, by the Government—a long step towards legal tender. The Aldrich bill would have made the new notes, at once and under all circumstances, lawful money for use in bank reserves; the conference committee on the present act rejected even the Senate's proposal for a tentative and discretionary use of the notes for such purposes.

We have said, in commenting on the conference amendments, that there are some provisions left which ought to have been struck out. This is true, we think, in a high degree, of the introductory language of the note-issue section, wherein it is declared, as it was in the first draft of the bill, that the notes are to be issued "for the purpose of making advances to the Federal reserve banks, . . . and for no other purpose." Our opinion, ever since we first referred to this declaration, six months ago, has been that, considered merely as a statement of facts, it is untrue. The notes, to be sure, are "issued," in a technical sense, by the Government to the regional banks; their issue differing in this respect in no wise from the manner in which the present national banknotes are assigned to individual banks. But it follows from this very comparison that the new notes will no more be "advances" by Government to banks than are the national banknotes, and no one was ever foolish enough to describe our existing banknote circulation as such an operation.

Since, then, a condition is declared to exist which palpably does not exist, it follows that, so far as regards its bearing on actual operation of the law, the declaration is a mere dead letter. The real evil in it is the possibility that at some future date it may be cited as a precedent for the actual issue of Government paper, as a loan to private industry. Its incidental evil has been the handle which the futile declaration gave to critics like Mr. Vanderlip and Senator Root, in their contention that the measure created fiat money. To believe that absurdity, it was necessary first to believe the absurdity which the bill itself declared.

We are confident that the general public will appraise this undoubted defect at its proper value, and will recognize that it neither does nor can injure the practical efficiency of the new provisions. Meantime, such reservation of judgment as still exists among competent students of the Banking and Currency Reform bill will properly converge on the standard to be fixed in the naming of the national board.

REPUBLICANS AND THE FUTURE.

There has doubtless been some exaggeration in describing as a great "crisis" the situation which confronted the National Republican Committee last week in Washington. It has been said that their decision would be big with the fate of their party. The party itself has been

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pictured as standing, at this juncture, between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. In all this there is more rhetoric than cold analysis. Yet it is not to be denied that much importance attaches to the deliberations and conclusions of the Committee. This is shown both by the eagerness with which the meeting was looked forward to and the general sense of disappointment at the result. The Committee may say that too much was demanded of them. But both the demand and the regret that it was not fully met are clear indications of the feeling that the Republican party, after a life of sixty years, had reached a turning-point in its history.

The decision of the Committee was frankly opportunist. There was the proposal of a special National Convention next year, to take the work of party reform vigorously in hand. This was rejected, but a series of State Conventions are to be asked to ratify the work of the Committee. That work itself is neither one thing nor the other, but a little of each. It does not strike at the root of unfair representation in the Convention; but it lops off a few branches. The South is to lose some eighty delegates, but will still be, on the basis of the actual Republican vote cast, grossly over-represented. On the other hand, the unreserved acceptance of the primary laws in all the States, coupled with the agreement to shear the National Committee of the power to "go behind the returns," and seat or unseat delegates after contests have been argued before it, will go a long way towards placating many hostile to the old régime. Evidence of this is furnished by the acquiescence of such men as Senator Borah and Gov. Hadley.

All this, however, relates only to party machinery. How about the pulse of the machine? What driving impulse, what new outlook, what inspiring issue, came out of this gathering of Republican leaders in Washington? Here we put the finger upon the real source of disappointment with the proceedings. It was hoped that some promising step would be taken towards winning back the Progressives to their old allegiance. There was also the expectation that a strong lead would be given as to the future policy of the party; some lines marked out on which the Democratic Administration could be successfully attacked; a cry raised to which the country could be rallied. But all this was left hanging. It may be that the Committee thought it wiser to leave measures of conciliation between Republicans and Progressives to be worked out quietly in the separate States, as they are actually working out in Indiana and Michigan and elsewhere. But as to thrilling appeals, or hailings of inspiring leaders, the difficulty was fundamental.

Their lack was made light of by the ingenuous Senator Smoot. "Issues," he cried, "what other issue do we need than mills closed and men out of work? And why deplore our dearth of leaders when all that we have to do is to rail at the blunders of the leaders on the other side?" This is not a very exalted sentiment, but it undoubtedly meets with temporary applause. That the Republican party stands to profit, to an extent, by the inevitable reaction against the party in power, is as certain as anything in politics can be. But there is scarcely an entire platform in that. A great party ought to be able to show that it has some other reason for existence than the desirability of having a club with which to beat over the head the men who are in office. The United States is still a good country to "bet on." In fact, intelligent foreign opinion just now favors the idea that this country is in better shape to face the existing world-wide financial depression than is either England or France or Germany. The check here ought to be slighter and the recovery more prompt. But whether it come soon or late, the expectation of business disaster is a mighty poor diet for a national party to feed upon.

Washington correspondents depicted the almost pathetic groping by the party of moral ideas for a moral issue. Such an issue could have been found if the spirit of its birth-year, 1856, still burned within its bosom. In that case, it would have done something to deal, not with the over-representation of the negro vote in the South, but with its suppression. All that class of ideas, however, seems to have gone bankrupt in the Republican party. It could not even assert, with any effect, its later grandiose programme of a strong central Government, with legislation for everything and control of everything; for the old States' rights party has gone Republicans several better. But a political party is one of the toughest animals, and the hardest to kill, known to natural history; and the mere fact that the Republicans are to-day so obviously without definite plans and forceful leadership, does not at all prove that the party may not, before many months, pull itself together and enter upon a new period of power and usefulness.

BURLESON'S HAPPY THOUGHTS.

When Postmaster-General Hitchcock came out with a sudden declaration in favor of Government ownership of the country's telegraph system, it was presently made perfectly plain that President Taft was unaware of this feature of the Postmaster-General's report, and he expressly repudiated the proposal. It seems in the highest degree improbable that any such situation existed in relation to Postmaster-General Burleson's recommendation of the same step, in his report made public last week. There can be little doubt that President Wilson had been in touch with Mr. Burleson regarding the matter, and that the discussion of it was not inserted in the report without the President's assent. But it does not in the least follow that he wished to be understood as committed to the scheme. Only a few days ago, another member of the Cabinet expressed himself with a good deal of freedom on another large matter of Governmental policy; but the country has not taken Mr. Redfield's exposition of his views on Trust legislation as indicating any practical purpose on the part of the Administration, at least for the immediate future. All the indications are that, after a preliminary ripple of more or less excitement, the country will settle down to the opinion that the President's assent to the raising of the Government telegraph question by Mr. Burleson was given merely with the idea that there would be no harm in throwing out a "feeler" on the subject.

Indeed, an examination of the way in which Mr. Burleson presents the matter should suffice, on general principles, to class his recommendation rather in the category of vaguely conceived plans for the future. He introduces it in immediate sequence to, and in the closest possible connection with, his statements concerning the fiscal results of the parcel-post undertaking. That this had long been a general desideratum, that it has supplied a public convenience, and

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that it is destined to become far more useful in the future, nobody denies. But it is certainly premature to pass upon the question of the degree of its profitableness. Mr. Burleson simply says that "it is expected that after the allowance of proper compensation to railroads for all service rendered there will come annually hereafter, as the result of the development of the parcel-post service, an increasing surplus." But waiving this point, there is between the addition of the parcel-post business to the previous similar operations of the Post Office and the taking over of the enormous plant and organization of the telegraph and telephone system a difference so vast and so vital that to make a simple inference from the result in the one case to the result in the other is almost ludicrous. And yet Mr. Burleson gravely sets it down that "the successful operation of the parcel post has demonstrated the capacity of the Government to conduct the public utilities which fall properly within the postal provision of the Constitution."

In one sense, of course, the conclusion here stated by Mr. Burleson is entirely true, whatever may be thought of his argument. It required no demonstration, by means of the parcel post or otherwise, to show "the capacity of the Government to conduct" the telegraph and telephone system. Everybody knows that if the Government were to take over that system, the system would go. The question is one of better or worse, of cheaper or dearer, of politically desirable or politically undesirable. It is by no means admitted that the Post Office performs its present functions with anything like the perfection which is to be desired. In some important particulars, its service is notoriously behind that of the best European post offices. As to the cost of the service, it must always be remembered that interest on the cost of the great plant of the Post Office Department in the shape of buildings and land is not reckoned as part of the annual outgo of the service as a whole; and as regards a special addition like the parcel post it requires the most conscientious, as well as the most careful, computation to determine how much of the general "overhead" charges should justly be assigned to it before a conclusion can be drawn. It must be recognized, on the other hand, that in the event of the absorption of the telegraph and telephone lines there would be a possibility of very great saving through consolidation of the two services; though against this must be placed an increase of expenditure, to which it would be difficult to assign a limit, caused by the comparative laxity of administration and liberality of compensation to be expected under Government ownership. Nor is the question of perfection of service, as indicated by comparison of European Government systems with American private-corporation systems, a matter to be lightly dismissed.

Whenever this vast scheme may seriously be brought before Congress, with the Administration for its sponsor, the public will have a right to expect that its recommendation shall be accompanied by an exhaustive, competent, and judicial examination of all phases of the problem. The total absence of such examination may be regarded as indicating that no such practical purpose exists at present. Nevertheless, we can but regard the utterance as untimely and unfortunate. A radical revision of the tariff had just gone into effect. A far-reaching reorganization of our banking and currency system was about to be instituted. Business is, owing to a number of causes, some of them of world-wide range, in a condition of great sensitiveness and of considerable depression. There is a time for all things, and this is not a time for injecting into the situation unnecessary elements of doubt. It is this consideration which is supposed to govern the President in the purpose generally ascribed to him to let Trust legislation alone for the present. If such is his feeling, it is evidently desirable that there shall be no needless disturbance of the public mind concerning the prospective attitude of the Administration. If he desires the country to have a period of rest during which the two great measures enacted at his instigation may have a chance to work out their results, Cabinet officers should not be permitted to create the impression that other big issues may be crowded close upon the heels of those which, for the past twelvemonth, have absorbed the attention of the country. If we are to have a rest, let us have a rest.

THE VOLUNTEER ARMY BILL.

The passing by the House the other day of the long-pending bill prescribing the methods to be pursued in raising a volunteer army was erroneously described as giving the President power to call out 200,000 men, while the suddenness of the House's action was attributed to the Mexican emergency. Undoubtedly, this may have had something to do with it, but the Senate plainly does not recognize that any crisis is at hand, for three weeks have passed and there is no expectation that it will act on the bill in haste. Probably it will not even take it up until well into the new year. When it does, it will merely act on legislation long urged by the War Department and proposed when nobody foresaw trouble in any quarter.

From this it does not follow that the bill is unimportant. It is important, if only because it radically alters the historic volunteer policy of the United States in various particulars. By it there is an effort to remedy the defects of the volunteer army of 1861-65, as well as others developed in 1898. It extends Federal control over the organization of volunteers to a degree which in 1861 would have been regarded, even in the North, as a serious invasion of States' rights, or at least the politicians' rights to appoint officers. Needless to say, it fixes no limit as to the number of volunteers the President may call out. The Washington correspondents who telegraphed the 200,000 figure could as truthfully have said that an army of a million was in contemplation because of Mexico. The bill merely prescribes how the President shall raise an army of volunteers *after* Congress has given him authority and has determined the number. Primarily, he must follow the procedure of the regular army, whose laws, orders, and regulations will be binding upon either the militia called into service or the volunteers. All three kinds of troops are to be on an exact parity as to organization and rights, no distinction being made even in the composition of courts-martial, which, differing from those of the past, may be composed of militia, volunteer, and regular officers without restriction.

The men of the volunteer forces are to be taken "as far as practicable" from the several States and Territories in proportion to their population, as here-

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tofore. It is in the appointment of officers that we have a radical change, for these are all to be appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. The officers from a State will perhaps be suggested to the President by the Governor of that State, but the President does not have to accept them unless he sees fit. He may appoint every single volunteer colonel from the regular army, for instance, for the bill permits the appointment of four regular officers to each volunteer regiment. Moreover, officers are not hereafter to be commissioned as belonging to any regiment, as, for instance, the First Massachusetts or the Tenth Connecticut, but will be appointed as captains or lieutenants or majors of Massachusetts or Connecticut volunteer infantry, so that they may be promoted according to seniority in the entire branch of the volunteers in which commissioned, and transferred from one regiment to another at will. Indeed, it is not clear that the old State titles will be preserved; so far as this bill is concerned, there is nothing to prevent every regiment's being called "The ——— Regiment of United States Volunteer Infantry." Commonsense will, however, doubtless dictate the retention of the State designations so that local pride and the spirit of emulation may be cultivated. The great point is that under this bill the President can prescribe the qualifications for officers and, if he chooses, exclude politicians like William Jennings Bryan when they aspire to be colonels without military knowledge.

Still another break with the past which will appeal particularly to our Civil War survivors is the provision requiring the establishment of a recruiting battalion for each regiment, to remain at home in order to drill and forward to the regiment men to make good the losses at the front. There was no greater military mistake in the Civil War on the part of the Federals than the recruiting of their armies by new regiments. Instead of being reinforced, the veteran organizations at the front were allowed to shrink to almost nothing. Sometimes a State would forward recruits if the regiment persisted in demanding them. Far more often the regiment was allowed to dwindle away. Thus the Twentieth Massachusetts, one of the bravest regiments that ever fought, took 243 men into battle at Gettysburg (where they lost 127), and similar figures testified to the fidelity of the First Minnesota and many other veteran organizations. Brigades were frequently half the size of a full regiment; yet as late as the Wilderness campaign, new regiments which had never heard a shot fired were placed in line of battle with officers as inexperienced as the men. The politicians liked the system for the patronage it created, and the army paid the price.

Every volunteer soldier, hereafter, will be enlisted for the entire war. There will be no more three-months or three-years men, if the bill passes; but it expressly stipulates that all volunteers are to be promptly mustered out as soon as the imminence of war passes or the war itself ends. Needless to say that the President will also appoint all staff officers of volunteers, including the quartermasters and the medical officers on whose efficiency so much depends, and this ought to insure the selection of as competent men as can be obtained. On the whole, the bill marks a distinct advance. There are things in it about which there will be two opinions, of course, as for instance whether under its provisions the regular army will not be robbed of too many of its officers at the beginning of hostilities in order to benefit the volunteers. But providing as it does a modern machinery to be used only in the event of war and replacing antiquated enactments, it is in principle unobjectionable.

TEN YEARS OF THE AEROPLANE.

With true dramatic sense Orville Wright chose the tenth anniversary of the now famous flight over the North Carolina sand dunes to announce that the real problem of the aeroplane today, the question of automatic stability, is on the point of solution. Improvements in mechanical invention do not always come from the hand of the original inventor. Yet it will seem eminently fit if the problem of making flight in a heavier-than-air machine normally safe should be solved by one of the men who made flight in a heavier-than-air machine normally possible. The achievements of the aeroplane need not be rehearsed in detail. We have travelled far from the first successful experiments at Kitty Hawk. The European seas have been forded by the aeroplane. The land area of Europe has been criss-crossed from north to south and from the Atlantic to St. Petersburg. The Alps have been surmounted, and altitudes higher than the tallest of Alpine peaks have been attained. The aeroplane omnibus has carried nearly a dozen men with safety. At the present moment an ambitious airman is on his way from Paris to Australia by way of Indo-China and the East Indian land bridges. The conquest of the Atlantic is predicted for the near future.

But it has been a process of development not devoid of vicissitudes. With continuous improvement in the gasolene motor, the radius and lifting power of the aeroplane have advanced rapidly. The element of safety has not kept pace. It is a regular feature of the day's news that the story of another triumph of airmanship in the matter of distance covered or altitude attained, or a difficult bit of navigation accomplished, should be followed by another of the disasters such as have marked the past year. In the public mind the question has remained whether the achievements of the aeroplane are not, after all, the achievements of specially qualified or exceptionally daring navigators. This suspicion is justified, though only in part. In reading the almost daily record of aeroplane mishaps, one must keep percentage in mind. In relation to the number of airmen now plying their trade and the air-mileage covered, it may probably be shown that the ratio of accident is decreasing. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, because of defects in the aeroplane and because of our ignorance of the laws of the medium it moves in, the element of accident is always present; and the expert is hardly more immune than the novice. The marvellous feats of a Pegoud are no guarantee that disaster will not overtake him in the course of a comparatively simple flight.

In one respect, the aeroplane, like its rival the dirigible, has failed on the whole to justify the first confident predictions. And this is in regard to the part that aeronautics was to play in revolutionizing warfare. The idea of aerial navies has fascinated the public mind; and more than the public. The zeal with which the Governments of Europe have gone in for airship construction would seem to run counter to our

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statement. Germany and France both claim the supremacy of the air, according as the dirigible or the aeroplane, on which they have staked their respective hopes, comes to the front in the news of the day. At the present moment, for instance, the succession of disasters that has befallen Germany's giant Zeppelins has created an unmistakable reaction in favor of the heavier-than-air machine. But it is to be noted that the expert military partisans of neither aeroplane nor dirigible are over-sanguine in their claims. The popular conception of aerial Dreadnoughts battling in the blue behind skirmish lines of aeroplane destroyers is not entertained on the General Staffs. As yet, the only service expected of the new military arm is that of reconnaissance.

And even in that field it is doubtful whether aeroplane and dirigible in the present stage of their development imply sweeping changes. A great European war would supply a thorough test. But in such military operations as have witnessed the participation of the aeroplane or the dirigible, their achievements have not been remarkable. The fact that bombs thrown from Italian airships have scattered a horde of Tripolitan tribesmen is of little meaning. A modern army equipped with high-elevation artillery might easily dispose of an airship raid. Skilful rifle fire has been shown to be effective in at least one instance, by picking off the aeroplane pilot on the wing. The wars in the Balkans were by no means slight affairs. Yet the only recorded achievement of the airmen was around Adrianople, where a Bulgarian navigator was described as encircling the city; but at a speed that would hardly make his observations of great value to the commander in the field. In general, one is inclined to think that the stress laid on reconnoitring in the air is exaggerated. A modern war on a large scale is not likely to be decided by superior information. Wireless, the field telephone, and the older systems of military signalling have reduced the possibility of secrecy to a minimum.

Nor does it fail to be gratifying that this stupendous human invention should not first be turned to the uses of slaughter. Orville Wright has stated his belief that the aeroplane will soonest come into use as a mail-carrier in sparsely settled regions devoid of railways. The aeroplane, for one thing, to be of practical value, must have its chain of stations, where it can take on supplies and make repairs at leisure; a condition hardly attainable under the stress of a military campaign. It is not at all impossible that before we see navies battling in the air we shall see aeroplanes crossing the Sahara along established routes and on something like schedule.

CAN THE "FOOL" BE REVIVED?

Though Shakespeare even in comedy gave the "fool" only a minor part, he seems to have felt with Jaques that for pure fun "motley's the only wear." After his day the fool fell into disuse; and if he may be said to have been revived at all, it has been at the hands of Bernard Shaw. But Shaw, for all his excellent nonsense, has taken the fool too seriously and made a hero of him. It would not be difficult to show that several of his leading characters embody the spirit of Touchstone, Feste, and others of that merry company. This is what must be meant when it is charged against Shaw that his personages, though seemingly versed in the ways of human nature, have no sense of emotional values. Like Touchstone's brain, theirs are as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage. Both sets of characters pretend to chaffer in the dry light of reason, where mere feeling never enters, and on the surface they are expert logicians. If Touchstone could convince the shepherd offhand that polished manners were an ample passport to the court, Mr. Shaw takes a whole play—his latest, "Galatea"—to snow that the acquisition of a refined pronunciation of the English language is all that is needed to make a duchess of a flower-vender, and an M.P. of a garbage collector. If the fool in "All's Well" can invent a specious justification of the unfaithful wife, Shaw constructs another play, "Man and Superman," out of a similar process of reasoning.

Some might wish, indeed, that Shakespeare had given greater latitude to his fools, but he at least kept on the side of safety. There is, in any case, an excellent chance for something approaching the Shakespearean fool on the stage to-day. The difficulty with Shaw's way is that, being so elaborate and pretentious himself, he is met by equally elaborate and pretentious arguments to prove that he must be fooling. But the true fool, by admitting himself a fool, is disarming, and despite his protests may chance to earn a reputation for profundity; just as in "Lear" the fool seems sometimes to be the only sane person on the stage. Our present American conditions are ripe for just such a minor personage, as may be seen by glancing at the usual method of dramatic satire. Suppose eugenics to be under fire. The ingredients of the play would be sure to be in part as follows: The son of a right liver would display a marked tendency to rakishness, after the manner of the traditional clergyman's son; and the marriage of an All-American centre rush with the intercollegiate woman champion at high jumping would be blest by a son who at the final curtain would perish of nervous exhaustion. The play might awaken laughter, but, with others, it would excite a still greater zeal than exists at present for statistics. Now, any drama which sets its opponents running to the refuge of figures is bound to be futile. What is needed both for the pure fun of the thing and to make eugenic faddists uncomfortable, is small doses of shrewd logic delivered by a character with whom it is impossible to take offence.

The American stage seems peculiarly suited to some such equivalent of the Shakespearean fool as we have in mind. For our audiences have sufficient homogeneity to catch the casual satire. Owing to the fact that everybody reads the newspapers, and the newspapers publish everything, top gallery and orchestra circle have much the same knowledge of current events and are not far separated in respect to tears and laughter. At present, the typical American's conception of comedy is largely shaped by so-called musical reviews, the spirit of which has affected the comic parts in even dignified plays. Every one knows what the humorous specialties are. The courtesies of subway life, the integrity of the political boss, the casuistry of the married man supposed to be passing the evening at his office, the politest ways of selling gold bricks, the severe but vulnerable father, are grist to the comedian's mill. In so far as the compass of his part is concerned, he corresponds well enough to the fool. He is an on-and-off-the-stage character, and often has no more lines than, say, Touchstone.

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But he is a clown, not a fool, expert in clever tricks of countenance and intonation, and usually is also something of an athlete. He is dexterous in broad slap-stick humor, but knows nothing about the dry wit which was the fool's stock in trade. Owing to the wide influence of these musical comedies, wit, strictly so-called, has almost disappeared from the American stage.

Yet to many wit, properly administered, would seem to be about the best antidote for the super-optimism and gush enveloping many of the modern movements of which the stage should take account. Here is an admirable opportunity for the smart essayists who in increasing numbers are presuming to deal summarily with contemporary life. When they take to writing plays, as every one does, instead of spinning their wit out thin through the full career of a hero, let them concentrate it upon a minor character to serve as a sort of chorus. It is a character which should allure them. For the fool would also furnish them with an excuse for employing that modicum of cynicism which is the salt of wit and wisdom. Such a personage, if well contrived, could unquestionably be introduced with profit in light comedy and, once successful there, would quickly find his way into worthier drama. It would be something of a distinction to be the first to adapt the Shakespearean fool to modern American conditions.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

The schoolmaster plays a conspicuous part in contemporary German letters, not only as a type of frequent occurrence in drama and fiction, but as a writer of both. Hermann Stehr, the Silesian, is one of the most interesting personalities among the authors that have graduated from the schoolroom. His stories have much of the spiritual and the imaginative quality of his compatriots, Carl and Gerhart Hauptmann, with an indefinable individual flavor all their own. His latest book, "Geschichten aus dem Mandelhause" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is typical of his manner. German folklore has so frequently associated the tailor's trade with eccentricity, that Stehr could not quite get away from that preconceived notion, and has made his hero a very curious representative of his kind. But the interest really centres in his son, the child that had cost his wife her life, and that the lonely man adores as her precious legacy. The boy has inherited from his mother a morbid sensitiveness and the gift of song, from his father the tendency of weaving strange fancies and dreams. The widower and the motherless boy are taken care of by a deaf-and-dumb woman, who after some years of faithful service awakens in the emotional tailor a belated love-desire. He plans to make her his second wife, but the boy's singing keeps alive the memory of the first and troubles him; and when the boy is forbidden to sing, he pines away. Then the paternal love of the man asserts itself, and the innocent temptress is sent away. As the woman with her bundle leaves the house, the tailor is reverently bending over a chest in the garret which contains some relics of the dead wife. At this moment there comes from the room below the voice of the boy, who had long been silent on his invalid couch, bursting forth into a song which seems like the call of a new life and a brighter future for both. The mystic atmosphere of the land that bred Jacob Böhme hovers over the book and exercises a haunting spell upon the reader.

The latest novel by Arthur Schnitzler, "Frau Beate und ihr Sohn" (S. Fischer), has an absorbingly strong plot and a powerful psychological interest. The heroine, widowed at an early age, has a son who has just come to manhood and is infatuated with a former actress, from whom the mother is determined to separate the youth. But while she is devoting herself to this mission, she experiences an awakening of the love instinct and weakens at the plea of a college friend of her boy. A third young man plays the part of a Mephisto in this complicated dramatic situation. The characters are all of the world that Schnitzler knows so well and has familiarized us with in his plays and novels, and are drawn with his usual clear, firm touch; the actress is an especially sympathetic figure. When Frau Beate realizes that she is no better than this woman and discovers that her name, too, is lightly treated by the young men, she finds herself involved in a hopelessly tragic conflict, for which there seems to be only the conventional dramatic solution—expiation by death.

Traugott Tamm is not a well-known author, but one possessed of distinct merit. "Die Hingstberger" (Munich: Albert Langen) is a story with a very pronounced physiognomy. The call of the city has come to a little community in the heather-grown plains and has brought discord and distress to many a home. Young Jes Ole follows the lure, and out of the peace and the quiet of the paternal homestead drifts into the tumult of the sea-port. He makes many mistakes at the beginning of his commercial career and becomes involved in a love affair which threatens to demoralize him, but he issues as victor from the emotional conflicts and the economic struggles of his youth. Although his individual fate is the centre of interest, the charm of the story is largely derived from the animated background against which it is relieved: a city life full of color and light, of sharp contrasts, and dramatic interests. But its most commendable quality is its wholesomeness.

Ernst Weiss is a young Viennese writer, whose first work, "Die Galeere" (S. Fischer), is a most remarkable specimen of that analytical fiction which seems irresistibly to haunt the generation of German intellectuals, whose work responds to the demand for a scientific reading of life and for a close welding of life and letters. The hero is a young scholar engaged in study of the Roentgen-rays and haunted by the vague fear that their powerful influence upon the human tissues may produce fatal changes. Absorbed in his work, he does not notice, until it is too late, that he himself is the victim of that destructive force. The gradual decline of his mental powers is a rather depressing theme, but it is relieved by elements of conventional romance which lend a wider human interest.

Gerhard Ouckama Knoop is one of those authors who have always a surprise in store for their readers. He has no formula, no model that he faithfully observes in the construction of his stories. Each of his books has its own individual character and makes the impression of a rare spontaneity. His "Nadeshda Bachini," "Die Hochmögenden," and "Aus den Papieren des Freiherrn von Skarpl" are as widely apart in matter and manner as possible; and his latest book, "Unter König Max" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), is again as different from its predecessors. He revives in this book the old Munich of the mid-century, and on the thread of the narrative, which is concerned with the experiences of men and women of the aristocracy and of the middle class, whom the exposition tempts to engage in mild speculation, he traces the gradual changes in the city's physiognomy when the newer parts are settled by foreign newcomers. The note of humor which enters into his sympathetic attitude towards his characters is especially charming; he succeeds in awakening in the reader a genuine interest in the ups and downs of their existence and in their mild emotional experiences. Glimpses of aristocratic and of "bourgeois" interiors, conversations suggesting the intellectual tastes and pursuits of the period, incidents which show the almost insurmountable barrier that separated the castes in that good old time, combine to make a very vivid and fascinating picture of the Munich that is no more. The book is such a novel and striking achievement that one is curious to see what the next development of the author will be.

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A woman writer who is recently attracting attention has gone far back into the mediæval history of Munich. "Die tolle Herzogin" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), by Nanny Lambrecht, is a story of Jacobe, a Bavarian princess of unusual beauty and of extraordinary personality, who figures largely in the more intimate chronicles of the Bavarian court. She had given her first love to one beneath her, had been married to a hopeless idiot, Prince Johann Wilhelm of Jülich, and was murdered, a victim of political intrigue, in the palace of Düsseldorf. There she still goes about, as the "woman in white," bearing in her hand her own head with its glory of golden hair: a story which fired the imagination of young Heine and has since lost little of its human appeal. The author tells it not in the impersonal manner of ordinary historical fiction, but in a haunting impressionistic style, rich in color and quivering with the emotional intensity and the passionate pulse of the heroine's tragic life.

It seems a doubtful venture to-day to write a new book about Schiller, but Walter von Molo has undertaken the heroic task of writing not only one book, but a trilogy of novels about the poet who is as dear to the German heart as ever. The first story, "Ums Menschenthum," appeared about two years ago, and dealt with Schiller's earlier life. The second, under the title "Im Titanenkampf," has just been published (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), and covers the period in the life of Schiller which begins in Bauerbach, the home of his friend, Wolzogen, and ends in Darmstadt after the first and unsatisfactory meeting with Goethe. The poet was at that time absorbed in the fate of his "Fiesco," "Kabale und Liebe," and "Don Carlos," and harassed and worried beyond endurance by his struggle for a living. The author has not idealized his Titans, but draws their portraits with a well-tempered realism and an occasional touch of robust humor. Only one figure approaches caricature: Charlotte von Kalb, whose unfortunate nervous temperament and unhappy infatuation for Schiller make the impression of being cruelly overdrawn.

Max Geissler has a singular preference for places remote from the noisy highways of modern traffic and favoring a moderate pace of life which is of the past rather than the present. "Die Herrgottswiege" (Leipzig: L. Staackmann) is set in such an environment and has a peculiar touch of good old-fashioned romance. For it begins with a gypsy couple, the only foreigners in the village, selling their homestead to a poet who has taken a fancy to it and going out into the world to satisfy their racial "Wanderlust." The poet transforms the old house with the walnut tree before the door into a beautiful country residence. But the bride whom he brings to the valley with the curious name which gives the story its title, does not share his love of rustic quiet and solitude, and unable to adjust themselves to each other, they separate. Upon this conflict is built the simple plot of the narrative, which is mainly concerned with the hero's life, when he is once more alone in the dear old house. The character of this man stands out in strong relief against the background of the life he has chosen; he is a character that does not need the world. The wife, on the contrary, is of the type that drifts through life in a restless quest for some vague happiness which no man can give her; for the mysterious artist whom she joins and who does not appear until the end of the book, is also deserted by her. The simple country-girl who eventually becomes the mistress of the old house is drawn with much sympathy. But the main charm of the story lies in its wholesome open-air spirit and in its lyric passages.

Enrica Handel-Mazzetti, who some years ago created a great stir by her much-discussed story of the Thirty Years' War, "Die arme Margret," has written a Viennese society novel, which is not without a touch of Tendenz. For the heroine of "Brüderlein und Schwesterlein" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a young girl brought up in a convent, and while she is still wrapt up in the pious sentiments instilled in her immature soul by the Reverend Mother, brutally thrust upon the marriage market by her own mother who wishes to join a title to her husband's millions. This well-worn theme is handled with a virile strength and a dramatic intensity which were already apparent in the author's earlier book, and are bound to leave a profound impression. The courtship of the girl by a nobleman, bankrupt in morals and purse, is offset by the touching friendship between her and the son of the janitress whom she had known since her childhood. There are other episodes revealing the appalling corruption of the girl's own family, of the society about her, of the whole world in which she is to live, yet the plot hangs well together and there is no evidence of padding. The characters are drawn in sharp, strong outlines, like those of an old woodcut, and the total impression left by the book is a picture of cruel power.

The apothecary has long been a figure much favored by German novelists, for in the small towns he is invested with a mysterious authority and comes next in rank after the pastor and the doctor. That Ernst Zahn, the Swiss writer, who is particularly lucky in his portrayal of quaint types, would sooner or later hit upon an apothecary, seemed a foregone conclusion. "Der Apotheker von Klein-Weltwil" (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt) is the story of a man who has lived in the great centres of the world, has travelled much, and settles in the little Swiss town where he has inherited the pharmacy of his uncle. A philosopher with a touch of world-wise cynicism, he enjoys for a time to be the onlooker in the human tragi-comedies played upon this little stage; and he himself is an actor, a *deus ex machina*, who pulls the wires and shifts about the figures. Interesting characters they all are: the old assistant who served the uncle before him, the aged parson, the factory-magnate with the two sons, whose widely different temperaments are the cause of much sorrow to the mother, the housekeeper whom the hero has brought with him, and the women of the village with whom he becomes acquainted. The book has a charm faintly suggesting memories of Wilhelm Raabe.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

If to be born in New York and to write and publish stories in London be sufficient qualification, then Charlotte Lennox is entitled to a place among the early women novelists of America. But her memory is now only preserved by her association with Johnson, in a friendship warm and sincere which gave her writings the occasional advantages of his friendly pen.

She was the daughter of Col. James Ramsay, who was Lieutenant-Governor of New York, where she was born in 1720. Her colonial experiences could not have been very extensive, as she was sent to England in 1735, and married in 1748, or thereabouts, for little seems to be known of either her marriage or her husband. That he was not a mere phantom we know from his recorded presence at the famous all-night sitting held in the spring of 1751 at the suggestion of Johnson to celebrate the approaching issue of Mrs. Lennox's first novel. Sir John Hawkins, who had never before stopped up all night, and was plagued by toothache, was one of the score of guests, and tells us that Johnson's face in the morning at five "shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade." He invested Mrs. Lennox with a crown of laurel, invoking the Muses in strains which Hawkins has failed to report. Also it may be noted that the apple-pie provided by Johnson for the supper at the Devil Tavern was decorated with bay leaves.

Her later writings included a play which ran for but one night and some translations from the French. She was a great favorite with Johnson, who helped her in various undertakings. What would present-day readers say to the incident in her "Henriette," where two young ladies meeting for the first time in a stage coach propose to swear eternal friendship to each other? Her "Shakespeare Illustrated" was perhaps the first effort to show the sources used by our great dramatist. Her varied literary work, including the editing of a ladies' magazine, did not bring her riches and she died in poverty in 1804.

The most famous production of her pen was "The Female Quixote," which appear-

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ed in 1752, and perhaps owed most of its success to the courage with which it challenged comparison with "Don Quixote." There is a measureless distance between Miguel Cervantes and Charlotte Lennox, and any comparison of the real Quixote and the imitation is impossible. Lady Bella, "the female Quixote," is the daughter of the Marquis of ——— and has been brought up in the country, where her father, a disappointed politician, avoids society. She has lost her mother, and has grown up with a mind filled with the nonsense of the tedious and long-winded romances of Scudéry and La Calprenède. But apart from regarding the absurd incidents and ridiculous speeches of the "Grand Cyrus" as models for life and conversation, Lady Bella is held up for our admiration as a marvel of good sense. The modern reader will, for the most part, regard her as lacking in courtesy, and loquacious and conceited beyond endurance. Mr. Selvin has made a remark about Pisistratus—

"You are mistaken, sir," said Bella, "if you believe there was any truth in the report of his having wounded himself; it was done either by his rival Lycurgus, or Theocrites; who, believing him still to be in love with the fair Cerinthe, whom he courted, took that way to get rid of him. Neither is it true, that ambition alone inspired Pisistratus with a design of enslaving his country: those authors who say so must know little of the springs and motives of his conduct. It was neither ambition nor revenge that made him act as he did; it was the violent affection he conceived for the beautiful Cleorante, whom he first saw at the famous baths of Thermopylæ, which put him upon those designs, for seeing that Lycurgus, who was not his rival in ambition, but love, would certainly become the possessor of Cleorante, unless he made himself tyrant of Athens, he had recourse to that violent method, in order to preserve her for himself."

Thus Lady Bella. Every man she sees is either a "ravisher" bent on her abduction or a prince in disguise desirous of marrying her, and she will listen to no explanation of the incidents out of which she constructs these imaginary plots. And she is proof against the mortification of the disclaimers from supposed suitors. Her cousin Glanville, who, with her father's approval, wishes to marry her, has a sorry time in sometimes attempting to humor her romantic whims, and in sometimes endeavoring to convince her of the folly of her vagaries. Because Clélie in the romance swims across the Tiber, Lady Bella throws herself into the Thames at Richmond, and does not succeed in reaching the opposite bank, but is picked up in midstream, and in the fever which follows is convinced of the folly of taking her heroine too literally. One agent in this conversion is the confession of a rival suitor of the little comedy by which he had made her believe that Glanville was another name for Ariamenas and that he had been guilty of the crime of endeavoring to obtain the hand of the Princess of Gaul at the same time that he was so vainly courting Lady Bella. Of such skimble-skamble stuff is the "Female Quixote" composed.

Dr. Johnson supplied the dedication to the Earl of Middlesex, who it may be hoped paid handsomely in cash for the compliments bestowed upon him. How much further did Johnson aid the young lady in this book? The Rev. John Mitford in two essays which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1843, and January, 1844, suggested that the closing part of the book came from his pen, and the authoress seems to give a hint of extraneous aid when the last chapter is described as being in her "opinion the best chapter in this history." Mr. Austin Dobson, in "Some Eighteenth Century Vignettes," has included one of Charlotte Lennox, but he does not enter into the question here discussed.

A higher critic might easily imagine that Charlotte Lennox had brought her MS. of the last chapter, with its compliments to Richardson and the author of the *Rambler*, to Johnson, and he, seeing it to be somewhat lame and impotent, had written round it the account of the discussion between Lady Bella and the grave Divine, in which she is finally convinced that Scudéry is not an infallible authority on classical history and that the speeches and actions of the heroine La Calprenède cannot be adjusted to the details of eighteenth century society without serious damage to life and limb.

The style of this last chapter is distinctly Johnsonian, and has a virile touch absent from the rest of Charlotte Lennox's fiction. The hint given by Mitford has not been followed up and is therefore worth noting for a new generation of Johnsonian critics and collectors. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

THE MEXICAN LEADERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The justice of the cause which Francisco Villa represents," to quote from a recent editorial article of the *Nation*, is a phrase that will probably strike as queer any and every American possessing first-hand knowledge of conditions in northern Mexico. Is it possible that the *Nation* believes that a cutthroat of twenty years' standing is in the field in behalf of legitimate, constitutional government? Has the *Nation* allowed itself to be humbugged by that silly shibboleth, *constitucionalista*?

What are the facts of the case? Mexico has a population of about 14,000,000 people, of whom 2,000,000 are whites of Spanish descent. The remainder, 12,000,000, are the original inhabitants, Aztecs, Zapotecs, Toltecs, Mayas, etc., commonly called peons. Not more than 10 per cent. of these peons can read or write. In culture they range all the way from the savage Yaquis and Coras to the useful and trustworthhy *cargadores* of the towns. The average peon is mentally a child and morally a savage. Compelled by a strong Government to adapt his conduct to the standards of civilized life, he is a useful and generally contented member of the community; but the minute the compelling pressure is removed, he relapses into his primitive savagery.

Villa, Zapata, Orozco, *et al.* are simply savages of superior intelligence. They are not taking up arms for the purpose of furthering clean, honest government, equal rights, incorruptible judiciary, abolition of the spoils system, universal suffrage, and representative, republican institutions. On the contrary, they take the field because that affords them an opportunity to murder, rob, and torture. They make no pretence at civilized warfare; they descend on a hacienda or pueblo, run off the stock, steal everything they can lay hands on, murder and mutilate the males and violate such women and girls as appeal to their savage lust. The only class that is exempt from their ravages is the *pelado* who has nothing more than a few handfuls of *frijoles* and *maíz*—on the well-known principle of *vacuus viator cantabit*.

Nor are they upheld by any class of the people or by any secret society, as formerly in Naples and Sicily. They rob, butcher, and torture anybody and everybody that falls into their clutches, regardless of sex, age, religion, politics, and nationality. They are out for loot and nothing else. They are not fighting for a purer, better government; they are fighting against any and all sorts of government. Government that protects the weak against the poor, secures to every man the fruit of his labor and self-denial, that hands out absolute justice—all that is anathema to them and always has been. Those people never built a railway, factory, or a dock, never irrigated a desert or reclaimed a swamp. They never constructed anything. But they might have been found years ago hidden in a lonely defile ready to pick off the *arrieros* of a pack train from the mines, skulking in the dead of night to rob a ranch or waylay a solitary traveller. They are still at their ancient trade, only on a larger scale.

And that is the class of man that the *Nation* is upholding. VÁLGAME DIOS!

Chicago, December 15.

[We have given no certificate of character to Villa. Many revolutionary movements have not been fastidious about their agents.—ED. NATION.]

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your review of the new book, "Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist" (*Nation*, December 4), calls to mind that full justice was never given to Fulton by English writers. The Britannica says that the first practical steamboat was built in 1802 by Symmington, and tried on the Forth and Clyde. In the small American school histories full credit for the invention of the steamboat in 1807 is given to Robert Fulton.

Probably few persons really know who invented the steamboat, although all the standard American authorities, including Webster's Dictionary and Appleton's Encyclopædia of Biography, tell the truth in simple terms. Webster says: "John Fitch, American Inventor, Steamboat." Appleton's tells the whole story, which can be verified by the patent proceedings before the New York State Legislature. The Committee reported that "the steamboats built by Robert Fulton [in 1807] were the patent of John Fitch, in 1791, and that Fitch had the exclusive right." This is a decision of record, and cannot be controverted.

In 1785 the idea of propelling a boat by steam came to John Fitch. He wrote:

I was ignorant that a steam engine had ever been invented. The propelling of a boat by steam is as new as the rowing of a boat by angels.

On July 27 he wrote to the Speaker of the Pennsylvania Legislature:

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I am of the opinion that a vessel may be carried six, seven, or ten miles an hour by the force of steam, and believe it will answer for sea voyages. Should I suggest that the navigation between this country and Europe may be made so easy as shortly to make us the most popular empire on earth, it probably, at this time, would make the whole very laughable.

In October, 1788, thirty passengers were taken by his boat twenty miles from Philadelphia to Burlington in about three hours. Later, it ran ninety-one miles in one day, and became a regular passenger boat. This was nineteen years before the "invention" of the Clermont from Fitch's plans. The *New York Magazine* of August 13, 1790, said: "Fitch's steamboat really performs to a charm." It went from 2,000 to 3,000 miles that summer on regular passenger runs. A larger boat, the Perseverance, was built, but was damaged by storm. Stockholders would not put up more money. Fitch was ruined. In 1793 he went to France at the solicitation of the United States Consul at L'Orient. But France was in the midst of the Revolution, and Fitch left his valuable drawings with the Consul, and went to England. In 1794 he worked his passage home. In 1796 he ran a steamboat on Collect Pond, the site of the present Tombs Prison, New York. He returned to Bardstown, Ky., where he had taken up small lands. He found these squatted upon, and he committed suicide.

Robert Fulton was in Philadelphia in 1785, and must have known about Fitch's steamboat. Fulton was in Paris from 1797 to 1804, and visited Mr. Vail, the United States Consul, who had Fitch's drawings. Mr. Vail said: "I lent Mr. Fulton all the specifications and drawings of Mr. Fitch, and he kept them several months."

All the above evidence is a matter of record, easily to be obtained by the English writers who give all the credit to Symmington, and by the popular American writers who think that Robert Fulton invented the steamboat. Fulton should have great credit for his perseverance in working up Fitch's plans to commercial success. Yet one cannot help thinking that if English writers believe we wrongly put forward Robert Fulton as the "inventor" of the steamboat, they have the right to claim successful priority by five years, for Symmington's boat was a good one. But John Fitch's boat ran three miles an hour faster than the famous Clermont, and did it about twenty years before the Clermont was built. HERBERT JOSEPH FITCH.

New York, December 18.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my Bibliophile paper of the life of Napoleon, in the *Nation* of December 11, the statement is made that the Indiana State Library has only a typewritten copy of the book. The librarian informs me that the copy now in the Library "is intact to page 241, and from there on a few pages have been added in type."

The original statement was taken from a personal letter written by a man who seemed in a position to know, and so care was not taken to verify it, as should have been done. H. M. KINGERY.

Crawfordsville, Ind., December 15.

OPERA AT MUNICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an Englishman who has resided permanently in Munich for the last eight years, I am extremely interested in the discussion in your columns about Munich as a town with "good second-class opera." You may be interested to hear that above 79,000 Americans visited Munich in the last twelve months, of whom no fewer than ten thousand attended the Wagner Summer Festival at the Prince Regent's Theatre. At every performance 50 per cent. of the audience were Americans. If your contributor is correct in his surmises, these ten thousand Americans did not know what they were doing and should have stopped away. No, sir, Munich is not a "one-horse town," and the opera given here is not second-class, however much other interested cliques may affirm.

DR. MAURICE L. ETTINGHAUSEN.

Munich, November 19.

[The *Nation* of September 25 said, in support of the new venture in popular opera at the Century: "Among New York city's five millions there must be Munichs and Budapests and Milans and Dresdens; large population groups, that is, of honest provincial taste, who, if they followed their natural inclinations, would be happy with second-class opera (*i. e.*, opera without such highly paid singers as Caruso) and a second-class seat at a good play."—ED. NATION.]

A QUESTION OF ICONOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you spare me space to ask help from your readers on a point of iconography? I desire to know if any one can supply an instance in authenticated Italian painting of the Three Persons of the Trinity represented identically alike, without distinction or difference. This occurs in a small portable altar-piece at the Metropolitan Museum labelled "School of Siena." Your readers will recall, doubtless, at once the leaf painted by Jean Fouquet in the "Hours of Etienne Chevalier" at Chantilly, and probably also the great Coronation by Enguerrand Charenton at Villeneuve-les-Avignon (which was shown at the Paris Exposition of French Primitives in 1904), for which the contract prescribed: "En cet paradis doit être la Sainte Trinité et du Père et du Fils ne doit avoir nulle difference," and there are other instances, of course, in French art. In this little triptych in New York the Three Persons are seated at a table, indistinguishable in dress, gesture, and face. The Pietà, on the same panel, strongly recalls that now in the Louvre, which comes also from Avignon. In addition to these reminiscences of work done in the South of France, it has others of the art of the North of Spain—of Catalonia. The accomplished curator, however, is quite positive in calling it "Tuscan." The subject of Catalan art is new and far from sure, but all the more matter for study, and if this small altar-piece should prove to come from Catalonia (and a good deal of evidence seems to point that way) and not from Siena (which the quality of the design makes to my mind improbable), it would immediately become more interesting and perhaps more valuable. My own immediate and practical interest lies in the iconographical significance for a little manual that I am working on.

G. G. KING.

Bryn Mawr, December 19.

OLD FRENCH WORDS IN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A careful rereading of "Gargantua" in the edition of Rabelais now in progress of publication by the Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes has brought to my attention a fact sufficiently commonplace, but illustrated with peculiar vividness in this text. I mean the number of words more or less current in sixteenth-century French that have quite disappeared from the vocabulary of to-day, yet survive in modern English. To a certain extent, this is noticeable in authors even of the seventeenth century; I associate it especially with Molière and La Fontaine; but it is of far more frequent occurrence in Montaigne and more frequent still in Rabelais. The philological notes in the new edition are, if anything, too numerous; but it is a pity that, by doing away with a few of the voluminous illustrative passages from other authors, the editors did not find room to call attention to the survival in English of various words that are now obsolete in French. Such notes would be of special interest to cultured Frenchmen, most of whom are doubtless unaware of the existence of such forms in our tongue. As a linguistic phenomenon it is partly analogous to the traces of older forms left in the language of this country that have disappeared in England. I say "partly," for in some cases the English word has come not from the French, but directly from the Latin.

I have noted upwards of fifty such words in "Gargantua" alone. I find, among many more, *paragon, remembrée, remembrance* (which survives as late as La Fontaine), *translatay, haste!* (=faites hâte), *pine* (= épingle), *perturbé, phantasme, contemptible, oust* (Eng. host, an army), *route, temple* (= tempe, the sides of the head between forehead and ear), *espies* (= espions; the old word is found in J. J. Rousseau; query: English influence?), *conventz* (= convents), *mute* (=muet), *depopulé, le bon tour* (=le bon office, Eng. a good turn; the old locution is found in La Fontaine), *hoirs* (= héritiers; the old word survives in jurisprudence), *manequins* (here the French and English words are alike from the Dutch; the one has been taken and the other left), *clere* (cf. Eng. clerestory), *librairies* (= bibliothèques; the change in meaning is not grasped by the clerks in the French departments of various New York shops; they speak glibly of the "Library Champion," the "Library Conard," etc.).

I have notes by me of many more words, but the above will serve as examples. One hopes that in the volumes of "Pantagruel" the editors will throw light upon certain words by consulting an English dictionary. SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Lakeville, Conn., December 18.

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Literature

ALFRED NOYES.

Collected Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 2 vols. $3 net.

Now that Mr. Noyes's poetry has been collected into the compass of a pair of volumes, it is comparatively easy to see the reason of his reputation and popularity among those who are still seriously disposed towards poetry. In an eminent degree Mr. Noyes voices the inherent romanticism of his age. The eighteenth century was not a romantic age; nor in the ordinary sense of the term was the later nineteenth century—it was rather a realistic or naturalistic one. But the very close of that century and the beginning of the twentieth have seen a remarkable revival of romantic feeling. And, singularly enough—or perhaps not so singularly, when we think of it as a reaction from the preceding æstheticism of one kind and another—it has thrown back, for its inspiration, to the great age of romantic barbarism. At least it has the same cult of violence and force as the glorious old romanticism of Elizabeth, beside which that of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and even Shelley seems tame and refrigerated. Rebellious as the latter was, it wanted the tremendous Titanism of the original Prometheans. In particular it lacked the grandiose conception of nationalism, imperialism, and world-domination combined with a lust of adventure, expansion, and power. For this reason it is not astonishing that, moved by a revival of the same spirit, Mr. Noyes should have looked to the elder age for his most characteristic themes and motives, as in his "Drake" and his "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern."

To be sure, Mr. Noyes was not always quite as he appears in his later and maturer work. His final position is the result of a gradual development. In the beginning he seems, like most young poets, to have been more or less seduced by the witchery of his craft. In this sense he was influenced, as was only natural, by the decadence of the nineteenth century. He, too, was not quite guiltless of dabbling in *l'art pour l'art*, with an admiring eye to Baudelaire, de Banville, and Gautier. A few of his lighter pieces also, as in "The Flower of Old Japan," are oddly, almost whimsically remindful of Gilbert and Sullivan. Or, again, he recalls Stevenson, the least Elizabethan of all men. Some of these things, as preserved in the collection, have come to seem singularly pretty, effete, and *fin de siècle* in comparison with the current fashion:

All along the purple creek, lit with silver foam,
Silent, silent voices, cry no more of home!
Soft beyond the cherry-trees, o'er the dim lagoon,
Dawns the crimson lantern of the large low moon.

But on the whole, and in spite of these deflections, it is towards the Elizabethan theme and motive that he is inevitably borne. Even his weaknesses have the same general character: he is inclined to diffuseness, lack of economy, extravagance of resources. Most of his lyrics would be better if they were more compact and sudden. He flows and eddies and swirls around his subject. He writes too readily and too much. Of itself his style is naturally expansive and in so far epical. And it is, no doubt, for that reason that his later and narrative poems are the most successful.

Nevertheless, he differs in some important respects from his prototypes—if such they may be called. In the first place, as is true of almost all reactionaries, there is an elegiac or nostalgic note clearly perceptible amid all the martial and heroic clangor of his music—the sensible regret of a past that, when all is said and done, is dead forever and can never be restored and but feebly imitated:

Marlowe is dead, and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone!
Our Ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the wave;
Robin is dead, and Marlowe in his grave.
Why should I stay to chant an idle stave,
And in my Mermaid Tavern drink alone?
For Kit is dead, and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone.

Where is the singer of the Faërie Queen?
Where are the lyric lips of Astrophel?
Long, long ago their quiet graves were green;
Ay, and the grave, too, of their Faërie Queen!
And yet their faces, hovering here unseen,
Call me to taste their new-found œnomel;
To sup with him who sang the Faërie Queen;
To drink with him whose name was Astrophel.

This is a very different thing from the profound Elizabethan melancholy, with its desperate loathing of life and its voluptuous gloating on death; it is at once more deliberate and self-admiring.

And then, again, with all his imperialism, there is a kind of sentimental humanitarianism about him, which is of a later age, too. It is a sentiment which finds perhaps its clearest expression—of all places—in the prologue to the American edition of "Drake":

England, my mother,
Lift to my western sweetheart
One full cup of English mead, breathing of the may!
Pledge the may-flower in her face that you and ah, none other,
Sent her from the mother-land
Across the dashing spray. . . .
Sweetheart, ah, be tender—
Tender with her prayer to-night!
Such a goal might yet be ours—the battle-flags be furled,
All the wars of earth be crushed, if only now your slender
Hand should grasp her gnarled old hand
And federate the world. . . .

Over all this earth, sweet,
The poor and weak look up to you—
Lift their burdened shoulders, stretch their fettered hands in prayer:
You, with gentle hands, can bring the world-wide dream to birth, sweet,
While I lift this cup to you
And wonder—will she care?

As a matter of fact, the eighteenth century was the originator of two humanitarianisms, though we usually think of but one in connection with it. There was the rational one represented by Voltaire, which recognized an intellectual kinship among human beings through the bond of a common reason and morality or discipline. And there was a sentimental one, like that of Rousseau, which put all men upon a common level by virtue of a common nature—a nature subject to the same sensibilities and passions. It is the latter that has descended to us. To-day man is no longer unique, as he is a reasonable being, as he has a mind and a conscience and can be depended upon to think and to behave on a rational principle; this is no longer his mark and character separating him from animal and thing. Rather, he is all of a family as he reacts to similar sensuous and emotional stimuli; and he is affiliated with other animals on the same grounds—as well as with the insensate objects to whose stimuli he responds. He is no longer one of an aristocracy of mind; he is one of a democracy of impulse, whose strongest appeal is that he is the passive sufferer of a like fate with ourselves and the perishable universe. And it is this sort of sentimental humanitarianism which seems to combine with Mr. Noyes's romanticism, as in his "Rank and File," and give to it, as to our age, much of its peculiar character:

Drum-taps! Drum-taps! Who is it marching,
Marching past in the night? Ah, hark,
Draw your curtains aside and see
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching,
Endless ranks of an army marching,
Marching out of the measureless dark,
Marching away to Eternity.

See the gleam of the white, sad faces
Moving steadily, row on row,
Marching away to their hopeless wars:
Drum-taps, drum-taps, where are they marching?
Terrible, beautiful, human faces,
Common as dirt, but softer than snow,
Coarser than clay, but calm as the stars. . . .

Hints and facets of One—the Eternal,
Faces of grief, compassion, and pain,
Faces of hunger, faces of stone,

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Faces of love and of labor, marching,
Changing facets of One—the Eternal,
Streaming up thro' the wind and the rain,
All together and each alone.

To be sure, in spite of his popularity, Mr. Noyes does not express all the ferment of his period. There is still a lingering of naturalism in our time—the sheer brutality of romanticism so admirably expressed by Mr. Masefield and differing from the Elizabethan in that it fails to be dominated by heroic ideas. On the whole, the age of Elizabeth was heroic and romantic; on the whole, ours is romantic but not heroic. Mr. Masefield is realistic and brutal, and expresses a part of us; Mr. Noyes is sentimental and humanitarian, and expresses another part of us. The great poet of the age, for whom we pretend to be looking, will express both, if he ever arrives; he will be at once sentimental and brutal and realistic and humanitarian.

CURRENT FICTION.

Dirk: A South African. By Annabella Bruce Marchand. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a story of a little Boer *dorp:* for all that, it is a novel in the great Victorian tradition. No one can read it without being reminded of Thackeray, of Meredith, and most often, perhaps, of George Eliot. But it is in no sense imitative of anything but life; it owes less to any of these masters than "Joseph Vance," for instance, owes to Dickens. It covers a period of some thirty years, ending in the eighties. Against the background of the mountains and the *veldt* it gives a lovingly minute and truthful picture of the life of the little village of Groenvallei—the farm, the kitchen, the *stoep*, the church, the general store. It presents with large sympathy and shrewdness and occasional keen irony a numerous and surprisingly varied group of characters.

In many novels, though the scene be nominally in London, the leading characters seem to be by themselves, cut off from the world in a corner of nowhere. Dirk van Rooyen in Groenvallei has the advantage of growing up among very real and substantial human beings. As a child he sees his family ruined by Niemeyer, the unscrupulous *lappie-smous*, or peddler; his older brothers go to the bad, and his father and mother die broken-hearted. To take vengeance upon Niemeyer becomes the great passion of his life, and he educates himself with an eye single to this end. But he falls in love with Fanny, the good and gentle daughter of his enemy, a woman of the type that Fielding and Thackeray worshipped. It is strange to meet her among the pert and sophisticated heroines of to-day, strange and most refreshing. We shall not anticipate the story of Dirk's career, drawn this way and that by the two great motives of his life. It is enough to say, as Dryden did of a greater book, that here is God's plenty.

The Spider's Web. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Mr. Kauffman's shrill voice rises a note or two during this number; there is danger, or hope, that in time it may attain a pitch no longer perceptible to the human ear. But doubtless the superman will have finer sensibilities. This is, it appears, the last of a group of four novels, planned by the author as long as four years ago, and artfully put forth, one by one, without intimation of their real character as a "cycle." Public and publishers, he had noted, were afraid of cycles. Nor, the question of method confronting him, did he think it advisable to approach his audience by means of art. "I did not want to produce the effect of a work of art; I wanted to produce conviction of truth." "The superimposing of one human being's will, or the will of any group of human beings, upon any other's, is the Great Crime." Modern society is determined by such superimposition. Our economic system is based upon it—and is the villain of the cycle.

In the first three novels, "The House of Bondage," "The Sentence of Silence," and "Running Sands," the artificial compulsions of society upon the relation of the sexes are chiefly dwelt upon. Whether because they eschewed art, or because they contained a good deal of salacity, the books soon had many readers. Possessing their negative merit—it is certainly not a work of art—the present story lacks the positive appeal of its predecessors. There are only two or three bits of nastiness in the book. Its range is wider, it attempts to carry the theory of social compulsion to its logical conclusion. Luke Huber, the hero, comes to New York from the provinces, with the aim of reforming that city. He discovers that the city, and the whole country, is in the grip of a money-power which he at first identifies with one man, but in the end sees to be a system. He tries to battle with that power, is made the head of a "reform" party—and presently finds himself alone.

The discovery that even the Church bows down to Mammon is the final stroke. Luke Huber is converted to disbelief as others are converted to belief. He "comes to see the sin of compulsion exerting itself against humanity in all the powers that conduct modern society; in the ownership of men and things; in our entire system of production and distribution, and in the creatures and ministers of that system: Government, Politics, Law, and what passes by the name of Religion." This is not precisely new doctrine, and we suspect that it can be made fresh and living in fiction only by the employment of that art which Mr. Kauffman so conscientiously and successfully avoids.

The Desire of the Moth. By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An insubstantial title for a solid and thoughtful book. Though reduced to average bulk by the use of rather small type, it is considerably longer than the average novel. Ronald Leith, the hero, belongs to a class rare in fiction. Sixty years old when the story opens, he is introduced to us as a bank clerk, unfitted by nature for his position, who has failed of promotion and is about to be superannuated. He has a commonplace wife considerably his junior, and a daughter who is the apple of his eye. We see him, sensitive and of fine grain, buffeted by life and bowed down by the losing struggle against poverty. But he is a man with an unusual past, and his past suddenly reasserts itself in two ways, one material and one spiritual. A faithless friend, whom he had trusted and rescued from disgrace, dies and leaves him a large legacy. As a young soldier, he had been passionately in love with Beatrice della Rovesca, the daughter of a noble Italian family. Her apparent betrayal of him into a Sicilian ambush from which he barely escaped with his life has darkened his whole view of the world. By an accidental discovery in an old letter, he learns that she had really been faithful and had tried to warn him. Under the stimulus of these events he quickly regains his former resourcefulness and spirit.

The style of the book is elaborate and allusive, at times slightly reminiscent of Meredith, though it lacks both his brilliance and his obscurity. Occasionally the narrative is overweighted with description. But in the main the author handles a complicated plot and a large group of characters with notable vigor and skill; and the strong and appealing figure of Ronald Leith finely dominates the story.

Mascarose. By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A troubadour set out to sing the glory of God and love and to sow a seed of happiness in the hearts of all. He came at length to the castle of Gavarret, and was there made welcome for his song. But the seed that he sowed spread too quickly, and ere long all were possessed of the malady of love. The Lady of Gavarret accordingly lost her heart to the troubadour, who accepted it not, as his own was pledged to Mascarose, a maiden of the woods. The lady's mother re-lost hers to a tiny page; the kitchen-maid became enamoured of the guard, and all rejoiced in their affliction. More-

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over, the fair Lady of Gavarret would not be outdone, and she gave her heart to the Lord of Gavarret's chief rival. But the Lord of the manor was jealous of the happiness of all, and determined to destroy it. So he drove Aimar, the troubadour, from his castle. Not until Heaven intervened to punish the wicked Lord and permit happiness to his Lady, could Marlatz of Arc storm the castle and kill the wicked Lord.

IN PRAISE OF SPAIN.

Royal Spain of To-day. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

Few Americans are bold enough to venture a motor tour through Spain. Still fewer can boast of such a journey made in the company of a princess of the blood royal. Mrs. Tryphosa Bates Batcheller, of Boston, however, braved the rough roads of Spain, taking as her guest the Infanta Eulalia, best known to Americans through her official visit to the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Other members of the party were an efficient chauffeur, an inefficient ladies' maid, and F. B., who plays an unobtrusive rôle as signer of checks, purchaser of gasolene, and filler of the thermos bottles. For the infanta must have her five o'clock Ceylon with unfailing punctuality. She takes it, we are told, without sugar and cream.

Such a trip, taken by such a company, was sure to result in interesting experiences, raw material for a 600-page book of travel. At Barcelona the self-willed infanta seems to have shocked her American friends by excessive democracy. Every native of that city, as all the world knows, is a potential thrower of bombs, yet Eulalia insisted upon strolling on the Rambla, and under such circumstances every promenade became a thrilling experience. Happily, the infanta succeeded in maintaining her incognito, and all went well, barring a few unfortunate experiences at hotels. All these vicissitudes of travel she bore with perfect good-nature, and only twice lost her royal temper: once when the Governor-General of Granada wanted to take her to church instead of to see the gypsies, and again when the maid ruined a favorite parasol. But what lady will have the heart to blame her for this? Not Mrs. Batcheller, who assures us that she herself would have spoken much more harshly under the circumstances. Subsequently, the same offending maid was lost, just as the party was preparing to board a train. Eulalia displayed on that occasion a truly royal readiness of decision: "Let us go. I am sure she will have the sense to come on later."

At Granada the incognito was lifted, and the author knew the bliss of being pressed into service as a lady in waiting. The trip henceforth assumes an official character. At Jerez, Eulalia had an enviable experience. It seems that one wine merchant of that city has the custom of dedicating a cask of sherry to each member of the royal family at birth. The infanta must needs drink out of her especial cask, although had she still been incognito she would have preferred her Lipton's. But how confront her with the compromising date, 1864, which that cask all too plainly bore? Spanish gallantry was not at a loss. The 6 was inverted, and at a stroke Eulalia was rejuvenated by thirty years. But how the wine must have suffered!

Later the pilgrims reached Lisbon and were royally entertained by King Manuel and his family; F. B. also received an invitation. The year was 1910, and nobody dreamed of the wretched republic which the future had in store. The author found King Manuel most sympathetic. Lisbon was only a foretaste of what was to come in Madrid. Eulalia hurried away to Paris. Would one believe it? She was soon to become a grandmother. But she remembered her American friends with numerous letters of introduction, which admitted them into the innermost penetralia of Madrid society. The author had many opportunities to meet King Alfonso, Queen Victoria, Dowager Queen Cristina, the Infanta Isabel, and others. Again, Mrs. Batcheller's impressions of royalty were pleasant. Alfonso is not only King of Spain, but "King of Hearts to every Spaniard." He is handsome and robust. Cameras are not to be believed if they say the contrary. This admiration was reciprocated. Royalty repeatedly praises the author's books, her singing, her charities. One by one the great attached themselves to her chariot wheels. Each member of the courts of Lisbon and Madrid presented her with an autographed photograph. These are reproduced, together with fulsome compliments to the recipient, which sometimes accompanied them. As a narrative of successful lion-hunting, "Royal Spain of To-day" might well arouse the envy of a Roosevelt.

Besides the record of the automobile trip, the book contains detailed descriptions of the places visited and much historical information, some of it incorrect. The Spanish Republic followed the brief reign of Amadeo, and did not precede it, as stated. Deceased authors like Pascual de Gayangos, Juan Valero, Menendez y Pelayo, and Pereda should not be numbered among the living. The illustrations are profuse and beautiful. The cover is especially attractive. The design is taken from an old missal in the cathedral of Toledo.

The Granger Movement: A Study of Agricultural Organization and Its Political, Economical, and Social Manifestations, 1870-1880. (The Toppan Prize, 1910-1911.) By Solon Justus Buck. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

The Granger Movement embraced several farmers' organizations, of which the Patrons of Husbandry, or the Grange, was only the oldest and most striking. The movement began at a time when much was said about the power of organized labor, and its rapid success rested on the belief that the agriculturists, if well organized, could dictate terms to other classes. The Patrons themselves disclaimed political purposes, but they were not able to separate themselves entirely from political matters. Probably their insistence on non-political activities weakened the order materially. Other organizations appeared which avowed an intention of righting farmers' wrongs by the ballot, and they had a rapid popularity. It took ten years for the movement to run its course, although it still survives, chiefly in the East, as a society to promote agriculture. It had a strong influence on the Farmers' Alliance, which arose in Texas about 1880 and spread throughout the South, and which found a parallel in the National Farmers' Alliance, a very powerful society in the Northwest, a few years later. These organizations kept alive the spirit of unrest until it passed into the Populist movement of 1892-1896. Its later history is known of all.

The movement is, in its nature, very complex. Several societies must be studied separately, State by State, each in several phases of activity. Dr. Buck has met this task with great industry and conscientiousness. He has left no side of the subject untouched, and he has sought minute facts in a multitude of difficult sources. His book is written according to the standards of our best academic schools. It is scholarly and scientific. If it is, meanwhile, confused in presentation, one must remember the great difficulty an author would have to make a monograph on such a subject either interesting or vivacious. The subject demands, also, severe and impartial judgment. The Granger Movement in all its phases was the centre of bitter controversy. City dailies and the East generally derided it and denounced its purposes. The farmers viewed their opponents with suspicion and made exaggerated charges. Between these warring sides the historian must draw the fair line of truth. To draw such a line is not an easy thing in this day, when present politics are concerned with the conduct of railways, Trusts, and capitalists generally. In this respect the author deserves all praise. He is not without sympathy for the farmers, but he

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discusses their position dispassionately. He does not countenance the assaults on the capitalists. The movement is treated impersonally and with due sense of the trend of the age towards a larger social control of the means of production.

Three features of the monograph demand special mention. The first chapter is a good summary of rural conditions in the North and West in 1870, and it must prove very useful to students of social history. Chapter vii, Business Co-operation, is a valuable study of what is, possibly, the largest, and for a time the most successful, experiment in co-operation in our history. How great the experiment was may be seen from the fact that in Iowa alone in 1873 the Grange did business amounting to $5,000,000, and contended that in doing so there was a saving of 15 per cent. on family supplies purchased and 20 per cent. on agricultural implements. These results were so satisfactory to the Grange that it went into manufacturing, and became bankrupt. And there appeared the weakness of coöperative business; for no sooner did the tide run the wrong way than the farmers dropped the enterprise; and it was not possible to raise $25,000 in stock in order to put the State agency on a safe basis. Another good feature of the book is the wealth of bibliographical material to which the student is referred. It embraces public documents, State and national, a large number of local agricultural papers, and many secondary works. Such material must be useful for any one interested in the history of our rural classes.

Chicago and the Old Northwest, 1673-1835: A Study of the Evolution of the Northwestern Frontier with a History of Fort Dearborn. By Milo Milton Quaife, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $4 net.

The title of the volume is misleading, for Mr. Quaife has in reality written a monograph on the first Fort Dearborn and the Chicago Massacre of 1812, and has added to this a sketchy prologue of the preceding century and a half and an epilogue in better proportions to bring the history of Chicago down to 1835. Since the value of the work depends on his study of the history of the first Fort Dearborn, which occupies with the appendices two hundred and five pages of the four hundred and thirty-six pages of narrative, consideration should be first of all given to this part.

In this monograph we have one of the most careful studies in Western history that have ever been made. To the solution of the difficult problems, Mr. Quaife has brought a mind well equipped and has proved himself an indefatigable seeker of sources. Besides possessing patience, he has proved himself an impartial critic well trained in the theory and practice of his science. His essay is the first critical study of the most romantic episode in the history of Chicago. One interesting account of this massacre is, of course, well known—that written by Mrs. Kinzie, a connection by marriage of one of the important actors in the event. Naturally enough, Mrs. Kinzie drew her husband's ancestor as an heroic figure and depicted those opposed to him as weak. So important has the narrative of Wau Bun been in the historiography of Chicago that Mr. Quaife felt obliged to make a most careful examination of its trustworthiness, and his conclusions, which are printed in Appendix ii, where all the sources are critically estimated, are as follows:

> The evident inability of the author to state the facts correctly is manifest throughout the work. It abounds in details that could not possibly have been remembered by Mrs. Kinzie's informants; in others that could not have been known to them; and in still others that could never have occurred. Undaunted by the absence of records, Mrs. Kinzie repeats speeches and dialogues verbatim, as she, apparently, conceived they should have been recited.

Mr. Quaife has been able to reconstruct the story of the massacre by patching together the scraps of information from other sources. For the first time the action of Capt. Heald in evacuating the fort and destroying the arms is proved to have been justified. He was acting in accordance with Gen. Hull's order, which left him no discretion in the matter; and Mr. Quaife has demonstrated that Capt. Heald behaved throughout the whole affair in a manner befitting an officer. The important passage of Hull's order reads, in a more precise form than that given by Mr. Quaife, as follows: "It is with regret I order the Evacuation of your Post owing to the want of Provisions, only a neglect of the Commandant of Detroit [?]. You will therefore Dest[ro]y [?] all arms & amunition, but the Goods of the Factory you may give to the Friendly Indians who may be desirous of Escorting you on to Fort Wayne & to the Poor & needy of your Post." This order was responsible for the later disaster. When the garrison and citizens with their wives and children had passed out of the fort, they were attacked by a powerful body of Indians, and there occurred the terrible massacre.

Kinzie, who has been almost universally upheld as the hero of the event, is here shown to have been a trader seeking his own interest. It may be that Mr. Quaife's sketch is not entirely free from bias, itself. For instance, there was no particular need of emphasizing the fact that John was in the habit of getting intoxicated, for in his day that particular form of indulgence was the most popular pleasure among gentlemen. Mr. Quaife also writes: "During these years (close of the eighteenth century) Kinzie was, of course, in league with the enemies of the United States," whereas a more proper statement would be that Kinzie was at the time a citizen of Great Britain. Yet Mr. Quaife makes no use of certain doubtful testimony which points to Kinzie's serving the British during the War of 1812, although a possible case might have been made against him.

A few minor criticisms may be passed on this part of the volume. The author has shown carelessness in small details. In his transcription of Heald's letter, which is also given in facsimile, he creates a paragraph where there is none; and fails to show that the word which he evidently is correct in deciphering as "destroy," a reading most important for his interpretation of the whole episode, is not clear and is at least open to question. In some cases he makes a probable assertion, and then uses it later as a proved fact, as when he guesses—for it is nothing more than a guess—that a Mr. Tanner was assisted at the Chicago portage by a Frenchman named Ouilmette, and then later uses this possible episode as a proof of Ouilmette's goodness of heart. Another kind of mistake is due to his lack of knowledge of the general conditions in the West, and an illustration is found in the case of the characterization of this same early Chicago citizen, Ouilmette, who is said to have been "possessed of more thrift than the typical frontier French habitant of this period." With a wider knowledge of the French habitant in Missouri and elsewhere, he would not have made such a comparison.

The epilogue of this monograph is a running sketch of Chicago down to 1835. This part requires little attention from the reviewer, as it is in general acceptable, although Mr. Quaife does not write here as a master. One chapter deals with the fur trade, and is a good example of the author's excellence and limitation as an historian. When he treats of the factory system of the United States, particularly in its Chicago aspects, he is on the firm ground of his own knowledge, but his lack of special knowledge of the trade as carried on by the Canadian and St. Louis fur companies is painfully evident.

The prologue should never have been attempted. In only one of the five chapters, which, to paraphrase a classical saying, are too short for a treatise and too long for an introduction, could Mr. Quaife qualify as a specialist. In these he runs over a long period of Northwestern history, using a few well-known but not always authoritative books as his guide, and one wonders whether his errors of omission or commission are the more numerous. Imagine a history of the Old Northwest which skips nimbly over the period of

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British occupation in two pages and a half!

The first chapter of the prologue is devoted to the history of the Chicago portage. Here Mr. Quaife did have special knowledge, for he was employed as expert historian by the defendants in a lawsuit over the question of the navigability of the Desplaines River, which was regularly used by the fur traders for one hundred and fifty years in passing from Lake Michigan to the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. The chapter shows the result. He has written a brief for the defendants, and the style employed is that of a brief. Like a lawyer, he has suppressed important information and magnified less important, so that he makes out a very pretty case; but it isn't history.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 1.

Announcement is made by Henry Holt of "Leaders to Our Western Sea, a Story of the Growth of These United States from the Alleghenies to the Pacific," by Frederick Samuel Dellenbaugh, explorer and artist.

G. E. Stechert & Company announce for publication in January a Life of President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, prepared by Dr. Louis N. Wilson. The book will be illustrated and will contain a complete bibliography of Dr. Hall's published works. Dr. Wilson has been associated with President Hall since the foundation of Clark University, and dedicates the book to the alumni.

Prof. Leo Wiener's translation from the German of "The Education of Karl Witte" will be published by Crowell at an early date.

In January Houghton Mifflin will bring out "In Freedom's Birthplace," a work by John Daniels, dealing with the development of the negro in Boston. Somewhat later in the year the same house promises Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Heart's Country."

The Medici Society announces the publication of the third and final volume of the Riccardi Press "Canterbury Tales."

A number of religious book are in preparation by Longmans, Green & Co., among them the following: "The Life in Grace," by the Rev. W. J. Carey; "Paradise, a Course of Addresses on the State of the Faithful Departed," by Canon E. E. Holmes; "Pastor Futurus," by the Rev. Dr. John Huntley Skrine; "God's Coöperative Society," by the Rev. Charles L. Marson, and "Thesaurus Fidelium," compiled by Carmelite Tertiary.

In the second portion of the library of the late Edward Dowden, which was put up at auction last week, were several interesting items. There was the "Polimanteia," 1595, which contains the second known mention of Shakespeare. It is a unique copy containing the author's name in full, William Covell, and not William Clerke, as usually supposed. There were also contemporary manuscripts of Donne's poems, and some of his sermons, and the original proof-sheets of De Quincey's essay on "The English Mail Coach."

Mr. Arnold Haultain, who as literary executor is preparing a second series of Goldwin Smith's letters, will be grateful for the use of any letters by Smith which were not included in the first series published last spring. Communications addressed care of the Bank of Montreal, No. 47 Threadneedle Street, London, E. C., will be gratefully acknowledged.

To the new edition of Thomas Hardy's works, Harpers have added a volume of short stories which have not hitherto been collected in book form. While these tales naturally do not represent the great Hardy of "The Return of the Native" and "Tess," they are well worth preserving.

If for nothing else one might read through Prof. John MacCunn's "Political Philosophy of Burke" (Longmans) for the succession of splendid quotations; and, indeed, their number and richness may bring some little surprise even to the reader who accounts himself pretty familiar with his Burke. Professor MacCunn's own style is, naturally, not of the ornate character of Burke's, but it is a genuine and refined style and offers an admirable setting for the quotations. The book, however, is no mere collection of striking passages. Professor MacCunn uses these rather as the structure of an admirable exposition of Burke's ideas. He has a profound respect for his author, and by nature, it is evident, a deep sympathy with the philosophy of the "Reflections," the "Appeal," etc., but at the end, when he summarizes the subject and shows Burke's relation to, and value for, the present, he writes and criticises as one thoroughly immersed in the current conceptions of democracy. The final point at issue is Burke's theory of a "natural aristocracy," which he accepts, and Burke's feeling that the only way to make sure of the existence of such an aristocracy is through the controlling power of prescriptive rights, with which feeling he totally disagrees. To discuss the issue as thus raised by Professor MacCunn would take us too far afield for our present purposes. We may only indicate two points which he neglects and which, to some readers at least, will seem of vital importance. He is aware of a certain conflict between Burke's profound sympathy for the lower strata of society and an insistence on the exclusion of them from the active body politic. But he does not explain how this conflict arises in part from the fact that Burke's philosophy, implicitly at least, is based on the seventeenth-century distrust of human nature, while in some ways he was deeply influenced by the eighteenth-century trend of humanitarianism. Still more vital is Professor MacCunn's failure to exhibit the character of the "natural aristocracy," which, as he thinks, must arise from the general prevalence of democracy. His theory calls for a very different meaning for the word "aristocracy" from that which it had in Burke's vocabulary, yet he does not explain this difference.

A large amount of labor has gone into the making of "The Book of the Epic, the World's Great Epics Told in Story" (Lippincott), by H. A. Guerber. The author has given summaries not only of the main epics of western Europe, but of Balkan, Persian, Indian, Japanese, and Chinese works, together with brief facts of literary history. For the summaries alone, undistinguished as their style is, many a student will be grateful; they should serve as a most convenient work of reference. Take, for example, such a complicated and, it must be confessed, often confused poem as "The Faërie Queene." Even the few mortals now living who have read it through cannot hope to keep the order of its incidents clearly in mind, and without the help of a detailed résumé might require no small amount of time trying to discover some desired portion. The introductions furnished by Mr. Guerber will be read with caution. Because of the necessity of compressed statement he has had at times to generalize without qualifications in matters which are extremely complex and indeed doubtful. In certain cases he has accepted unfounded rumors, as when he states dogmatically that Tasso was imprisoned solely because of his love for the sister of the Duke of Ferrara. Elsewhere he espouses a mere theory, asserting, for instance, that "Beowulf" was composed in Sweden and later reworked in England. Speaking of the origins of Arthurian romance, he implies that Gildas and Nennius collaborated. In general the author furnishes dates, but it would have been well if he had done so in connection with all the works and authors mentioned. He might also, to advantage, have drawn up a bibliography of the approved books of very general compass bearing on his subject.

To most readers Elizabeth Berkeley, wife of the sixth Lord Craven and afterwards of the Margrave of Anspach, is known as the friend of Horace Walpole whose eccentricities at once annoyed and amused that loyal correspondent. If her portraits do not flatter, she was indeed "The Beautiful Lady Craven," as A. M. Broadley and Lewis Melville entitle their new book (Lane); and if her original memoirs told the truth, as they most emphatically do not, she was an innocent and much-abused creature. The "Autobiographical Memoirs" were first published in 1826, when the author, then the Margravine of Anspach, was in her seventy-sixth year. She had been sent away by her first husband, Lord Craven, for reasons good and sufficient; she had wandered over Europe with various friends and protectors; had conquered the Margrave and after the death of his wife married him; and now, in the coolness of age, rich, and externally rehabilitated, she had settled down in England with the open attempt to win her way back into proper English society. She succeeded in getting about her a brilliant if somewhat miscellaneous circle, despite the coldness of her kinswoman, Queen Charlotte. The most amusing feature of the present publication is the contrast between the facts of her life as narrated by Messrs. Broadley and Melville in the long introduction which occupies half of the first volume, and the romance of her life as she paints it. She was herself not an ill writer, though without brilliance, and her memoirs have a certain historical value in their presentation of men and places of the day, for her

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chief instrument of falsification was the simple expedient of leaving things out. The editors have added footnotes which considerably enhance the value of the work. There are also many illustrations, derived in part from Mr. Broadley's great collection of manuscripts and prints of the period.

No fearsome man would attack such a subject as "American Ideals, Character, and Life" (Macmillan). Possibly Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie would not have attacked it if he had not been appointed the first exchange lecturer from the United States on the Carnegie Peace Endowment. He wished to do for our country what Dr. Inazo Nitobe did for Japan in "The Japanese Nation: Its Land and Its People," a series of lectures delivered in this country on the same foundation. This book of Mr. Mabie's is of course the series of lectures he delivered, chiefly before university audiences, in Japan. To do this subject justice one should possess not only wide and accurate information, but unusual powers of insight and analysis. The author's long connection with a well-known periodical has made him familiar with several sides of American life, but it does not appear to have singularly endowed him with the critical powers just mentioned. His attempt "to sketch with a free hand and in large outline the development of the American people" does not result in a very illuminating interpretation of the American spirit. Three whole chapters are devoted to the course of our literature. As a history, they are too short. As an explanation of present America, they are not so written as to reveal our heart and soul. The writer's familiarity with the field has led him astray from the purpose of the lectures. Political America, on the other hand, which, for a Japanese audience, one would suppose the most interesting and significant feature of our national life, the feature best fitted to exemplify the American ideal, is confined to one short chapter of general description. Our industrial activity, which is surely in some respects typical and unique, receives only sporadic consideration. One feature of American ideals Mr. Mabie has emphasized not unduly—our interest in education, the pervading belief in its efficacy from colonial times. So far as the book has a central conviction, this side of our idealism supplies it.

Mr. Mabie declares that his addresses were delivered to audiences "of unusual intellectual alertness." It will take a similar reading public to follow with interest the printed form. The statement of ideas is prevailingly abstract and general. Concrete details and illustrative examples are consistently omitted. No sententious judgments or sharp outlines for the mind to hang to, no color or imagery to stick in the memory, are employed in explaining what is one of the most intangible of subjects—the nature and controlling spirit of a vast people.

Henry Bradley adds to the "Oxford English Dictionary" the section SEVERAL—SHASTER (Clarendon Press). Therein is an article running above eighteen columns on the unruly verb "shall," which goes far towards justifying the Dogberryian dictum that "to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." "Not one Londoner in a million," wrote the accurate Macaulay in 1837, "ever misplaces his *will* and *shall*." Oh, to have descended from a pure line of Cockneys! "Perhaps no Scot," says the *Daily News* in 1891, "ever yet mastered his 'shalls' and 'wills.'" In certain cases "shall" is sternly proclaimed a shibboleth. "In the first person, *shall* has, from the early Middle English period, been the normal auxiliary for expressing mere futurity. . . . (To use *will* in these cases is now a mark of Scottish, Irish, provincial, or extra-British idiom.)" In the history of certain other cases, however, there is consolatory matter for dwellers in the provinces and men of Scotch-Irish extraction; there are precedents various enough to make even the infallible Londoner sigh for the iron dogma of the schoolmaster. From a literary standpoint the most interesting discussion in this section is on the word "shard-born" or "shard-borne" in "Macbeth," III, ii, 42. Tollet in the eighteenth century said that this epithet of the drowsy-humming beetle meant "born in dung," but his interpretation has been generally rejected in favor of the explanation that "shard" means the "hard wing cases" on which the beetle is "borne," and the editors of the Clarendon Press Shakespeare, for example, say that Tollet's reading is "unquestionably wrong." Mr. Bradley, with the support of fresh instances of "shard" meaning "dung," maintains that Tollet was unquestionably right. If the Tollet-Bradley interpretation stands, posterity, reading in entomological works or in the "Hiawatha" of Longfellow of the beetle's "shining shards," will be entitled to a learned smile.

Some of the "low" words from this hemisphere will bear more investigation than they are receiving. Americans who have heard all their lives the word "shack"—a rough cabin or shanty—will be surprised to find the first recorded example dated 1881 (New York *Times*). "Shack"—meaning "to go after, as a ball batted to a distance"—is explained and illustrated only by definitions taken from two American dictionaries. To the writer of this note, "shag" would more accurately represent the sound heard on the "diamond" in the cry, "Shag it!" He is familiar, too, with an unnoticed intransitive use of the word; as, for example, in "Let us *shag* into town"—meaning to go on foot.

Mr. Bradley traces the word "shark" from the year 1569, when Sir John Hawkins's men brought one of the tribe to London, and he duly illustrates the figurative senses in such phrases as "loan shark," "land shark," etc. But he entirely overlooks the admired and rehabilitated "shark" known to the American college world: primarily, the student who devours and digests learning with ease (not to be confused with the successful "grind"), and, secondarily, one who excels in any line of activity. With his mind fixed on the notion that a figurative "shark" is a fraudulent rascal, what would an Oxford editor make of our college stories? Cf. Richard Holbrook in "Stories of the Colleges," 1901, p. 94: "'H'm,' laughed Jarvis, 'you're a real shark'"; also, Williams College "Class Book," 1903, p. 29; "'Dido' is a Math. shark of the first water."

On no account should "A Leisurely Tour in England" (Macmillan) be opened at the first page of chapter i, and thence perused conscientiously from cover to cover. The method of reading should be modelled on the sketch map of the author's tour, in which the red line that marks his progress has neither beginning nor end; that is to say, the book should be picked up in a leisurely hour, opened at random, and read for so long as leisure and inclination serve. The author, James John Hissey, has a fair list of books to his credit, all dealing with the same subject, tours of England undertaken with the assistance of various kinds of vehicles. The means of progression chosen for the purposes of the present volume was a small automobile, which, as Mr. Hissey sagely remarks, "is an excellent servant, though in truth a bad master," and each day's journey was made without any definite end in view. His tour took him from Eastbourne on the south coast of England to Aberdovey on the west coast of Wales. He avoided large towns, travelled generally along by-roads, stopped for contemplation or conversation, and made detours whenever the spirit moved him, and at the end of the day noted down in gossipy style what he had seen and done and heard. With but little alteration the present volume, of nearly 400 pages, consists of these notes, illustrated with photographs and sketches by the author. It is a very pleasant book to read, full of the author's personality and prejudices. There is a genuine love for beautiful scenery and beautiful architecture; above all, for what is old and mellowed. Mr. Hissey avows himself "no politician," but it is a safe guess that never in his life has he voted for other than a Tory candidate of the truest blue, for the sight of a disused windmill instantly impresses him with the desirability of putting a tax on flour. One point in the narrative should be noted for especial gratitude: the automobile in which the tour was made is kept severely in its place as a means of progression only, and is not allowed, in the modern fashion, to obtrude itself as a character in the story.

The Selden Society, acting upon its recently declared purpose of issuing yearly when practicable an extra volume supplementing the regular series of the Year Books, has sent to its members two numbers for the year 1913 (London: Quaritch). The first of these, Vol. XXVIII, contains select Charters of Trading Companies, the other, Vol. XXIX, the Eyre of Kent, 6 and 7 Edward II, volume three. The volume of select charters has the text of forty-one grants to companies, ranging in date from 1530 to 1707, all of which are to be found upon the Patent Rolls in the Public Record Office. These grants include incorporations of merchants trading abroad, of companies for plantation, mining, fishing, insurance, and water supply, and for the manufacture of starch, soap, salt, saltpetre, paper, linen, tapestry, and silk. Thus the volume can be used as a kind of documentary appendix to Scott's "Joint Stock Companies to 1720." The editor, Cecil T. Carr, has contributed a useful introduction, the most novel feature of which is the close relation revealed between the trading companies, as joint stock undertakings, and the gilds and municipalities of earlier times. As the trading company which

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crossed the water, with its charter and a majority of its governing body, and settled the colony of Massachusetts was an incorporated joint stock organization, it is evident that many of the institutional features of early New England history were derived from the customs and practices of the mediæval gilds of England. Mr. Carr is not the first to point out this connection, for others have suggested the probability of such an origin, basing their belief upon points of resemblance and other matters of internal evidence. But he is the first to show the continuity of the connection from the liveries of London, through the corporation of the Merchant Adventurers, to the trading company, and thence to the companies for plantation in Virginia, Bermuda, Massachusetts, and Old Providence.

The new volume of the Year Books is the eighth in the general series, and the third of the Eyre of 1313-1314. It continues the volumes issued in 1909 and 1912, by adding the reports of civil actions under the remaining titles alphabetically arranged from Mortdancestor to Variance. After an analysis of the cases in the volume, the editor, William C. Bolland, discusses at some length in his introduction the important light which one of the cases throws on a cryptic remark of Glanville's to the effect that the assize of Mortdancestor did not lie in respect of burgage tenure because of another assize which governed such lands and tenements. This assize, which Pollock and Maitland could only guess might "still be lurking in the archives of our boroughs," Mr. Bolland has discovered, though he is still unable to write its history. It is the assize of Fresh Force. Curiously enough, the name borne by this writ had no equivalent in French or Latin, being written "Fresheforce" in the one and "Frisca Forcia" in the other, in this respect differing from other writs in English law. Other cases in the volume furnish many interesting, if somewhat trivial, details of value for social history. Such, for example, is the item that a hare was valued at but half the amount of a rabbit, or to be more accurate a cony, as the term "rabbit" up to the early years of the seventeenth century was confined to the young of the cony. The cheaper rate at which the hare was held was undoubtedly due to the dislike felt by the richer classes for the hare as an article of food and to their preference for the flesh of the cony. Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" bears witness to this dislike when he characterizes the hare as "black meat, melancholy, and hard of digestion," breeding when eaten an "incubus," and causing "fearful dreams." As other mediæval writers testify to the same belief, it would be interesting to know whence such a remarkable view of the gastronomic effects of eating hare's meat arose.

Capt. Henry Francis Brownson, soldier, author, and lawyer, formerly of New York city, died at his home in Detroit, on Friday. He was born at Canton, Mass., in 1835. He was graduated from Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and was admitted to the bar in 1856. Previously he had studied in Paris and at the University of Munich. For gallant service in the battle of Malvern Hill he received the brevet of captain. Capt. Brownson was the translator of "Love of Mary" from the Italian; of Balmes's "Fundamental Philosophy" from the Spanish, and Tarducci's "Life of Columbus" from the Italian. He was the author of "Religion of Ancient Craft Masonry," "Faith and Science," and "Equality and Democracy."

The Rev. Thomas Kingsmill Abbott, librarian of Trinity College, Dublin, and a noted scholar and writer, died in that city on Thursday of last week. He was born in Dublin in 1829, and was educated at Trinity College, where he was professor of moral philosophy, 1867-72, of Biblical Greek, 1875-88, and of Hebrew, 1879-1900. He wrote many books, both scientific and religious, among them being "Elementary Theory of the Tides," "Do This in Remembrance of Me," and "Sight and Touch: An Attempt to Disprove the Berkeleian Theory of Vision."

Science

Aristarchus of Samos, the Ancient Copernicus: A History of Greek Astronomy to Aristarchus, together with Aristarchus's Treatise on the sizes and distances of the sun and moon. A new Greek text, with translation and notes. By Sir Thomas Heath, K.C.B., F.R.S., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: The Oxford University Press.

This admirable piece of work makes the classic writings of Aristarchus accessible for the first time in English, following by many years the new editions of Cleomedes, Geminus, Simplicius, and others in the galaxy of the Greek astronomers. Sir Thomas Heath connects the origin of his book with an expressed desire of his old school-fellow, Professor Turner, now Savilian Professor at Oxford, whose interest in Aristarchus we can well understand was greatly enhanced because an early predecessor in the Savilian chairs, John Wallis, had in the latter part of the seventeenth century the honor of bringing out the *editio princeps* of the Greek text of this author. It is not, however, this text on which the present translation is based, but on the oldest and by far the best of all the ancient MSS., bearing the date of the tenth century, and known to scholars as *Vaticanus Græcus 204*. On a photograph of this beautiful MS. Sir Thomas has mainly relied, because "it seems to be the ultimate source of all the others, and so much superior that the others can practically be left out of account." An entire chapter is devoted to the history of text and editions, and Sir Thomas Heath is no novice in these lines, having previously done, among other editions, the works of Archimedes (1897) and Apollonius of Perga (conic sections).

Prefatory to the Greek text and his *vis-à-vis* translation, Sir Thomas has given an extended and luminous presentation of the cosmology of the Greeks, beginning with the pseudo-mythical astronomy of Homer and Hesiod, wherein celestial recurrences regulated the affairs of life; and Thales of Miletus, with whom the history of Greek astronomy properly commenced. This is followed by critical estimates of the brilliant but erroneous philosophy of Anaximander, who nevertheless drew the first map of the inhabited earth; of Anaximenes and his unique conception of the stars fixed upon a crystal sphere as in a frame; of Pythagoras and the spherical earth at the centre of all things, the planetary motions being independent; of the crude speculations of Xenophanes of Colophon, and the childish notions of Heraclitus of Ephesus; of the startling innovations of Parmenides and his flaming wreaths; of Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, the first to promulgate the true doctrine of the moon, its phases, and eclipses; of Empedocles of Agrigentum and his theory of the motion of light; of the abandonment of the geocentric hypothesis by the Pythagoreans, Philolaus in especial, and the reduction of the earth to the status of a planet like all the others known to the ancients out to Saturn, as elaborated by Schiaparelli in his "I Precursori di Copernico nell' Antichità," together with a discussion of their fancied harmonies of the spheres. The Atomists follow, especially Democritus of Abdera, whose astronomy, although himself an able mathematician, was so weak as scarcely to be able to stand by itself; then Œnopides of Chios, who discovered the obliquity of the ecliptic; Plato, whose idealistic system as set forth in the "Timæus" is analyzed, with a presentation of the elusive system of the "Republic," which is blended with myth and only in the remotest sense helpful to modern astronomical theory or conception; Eudoxus of Cnidus and his theory of concentric spheres elaborated by Calippus of Cyzicus; and Aristotle, who attempted to render this conception practicable, but with whom the number of concentric spheres grew to something in excess of four dozen without the mechanical absurdity appearing to trouble any one.

Plato and the all-embracing cosmic philosophy of Aristotle are set forth at great length, and no less the conceptions of Heraclides of Pontus, the first to maintain that the earth turns round on its axis daily, and that both Mercury and Venus travel round the sun as a centre—the same Heraclides for whom Schiaparelli sought to claim anticipation of the heliocentric theory really due to Aristarchus Gruppe, too, was guilty of a somewhat flighty attempt to set up Plato as precursor of Copernicus.

Coming now to Aristarchus, we find him a pupil of Strato, the disciple and successor of Theophrastus. Observations by him, quoted by Ptolemy, show him to have been an elder contemporary of

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Archimedes (B. C. 287-212). Indeed, it is in the "Psammites," or "sand-reckoner," of Archimedes, a strange treatise in which he sets a superior limit to the number of grains of sand it would take to fill the universe, that we find the only extant account of the heliocentric theory of Aristarchus, save, perhaps, a reference or two in the "Doxographi Græci" and another in Plutarch's "De Facie in Orbe Lunæ."

While it is accepted as an undoubted historic fact that Aristarchus originated the idea of the earth's annual motion round the sun, his hypothesis cannot have received much recognition; indeed, but one philosopher, a century later, Seleucus of Babylon, appears to have taught this theory, in combination with that of the earth's turning round on its axis once each day. And its simple truth appears to have been disregarded for seventeen centuries for very sufficient reasons. In the first place, Hipparchus, contemporary of Seleucus and successor of Aristarchus, who is often called the father of observational astronomy, reverted to the earth-centred system; and he was followed by Ptolemy, whose "Almagest," based in large part on the observations of Hipparchus, became the acknowledged astronomical Bible of the centuries. So the weight of these great names sealed the fate of the heliocentric system; likewise of its author, who was the last astronomer among the Greeks or any other nation to attempt seriously to ascertain the physically true system before Copernicus.

Besides this we must remember that the laws of natural philosophy were wholly undeveloped, and that the Ptolemaic tables of the celestial motions continued through the Dark Ages, and even later, to be competent to predict the positions of the heavenly bodies with about the same order of precision as it was possible to observe them in pre-telescopic days.

But Aristarchus will possess equal interest for astronomers of every age because he made the first truly scientific attempt to solve the problem of the sun's distance; and his ingeniously simple method is strictly without error, although it led him to a highly erroneous conclusion. Aristarchus was keen enough to see that just at the moment of the moon's quartering, when she is exactly dichotomized, lines drawn from her centre to the centres of sun and earth must make an exact right angle with each other. In consequence of the moon's slow and stately motion round the earth, and the ragged character of her surface, a very practical difficulty arises in observing the precise time when this phase happens: a difficulty which is still very much of an obstacle. In working up the geometric proof, Aristarchus reaches the definite result that "the distance of the sun from the earth is greater than eighteen times, but less than twenty times, the distance of the moon from the earth." (Prop. vii, p. 377). Although we now know that the sun is, not 19, but 390, times farther away than the moon is, to Aristarchus must none the less be accorded the highest praise for this attempt, which failed then because the observational data on which it rests were necessarily crude and inexact. His style is thoroughly classic, and his demonstration is worked out with the utmost rigor which the Euclidean geometry permitted.

Sir Thomas Heath's book abounds in references to the ancient writers not only, but also to the modern literature on the philosophy of the Greeks, particularly in French and German, with helpful translations and quotations. But his book does not end with Aristarchus: he appends a chapter concerning improvements made by later Greek astronomers upon Aristarchus's estimates of sizes and distances, especially dealing with Eratosthenes and the first direct measurement of the earth's dimensions on scientific principles; and concerning those of Hipparchus, critically investigated by Hultsch, and of Posidonius of Rhodes, who, although a meteorologist, came vastly nearer the truth about the sun's distance than did any of his contemporaries.

Sir Thomas Heath's "Aristarchus" is provided with an ample and excellent index, and as a masterpiece of critical research and scholarly presentation leaves little for any future English student of the Greek astronomy to do.

Drama

Henry Holt & Co. hope to issue early in January "The Continental Drama of To-day, Outlines for its Study," by Barrett H. Clark.

The dramatic censorship in England is an institution that lends itself readily to ridicule, and in "Censorship in England" (London: Palmer), Frank Fowell and Frank Palmer have ridiculed it to the top of their bent. The book is written frankly from an ex-parte standpoint, but from the very violence of their antagonism to the censorship the authors have come near to spoiling their own case. Despite one's doubts of the institution, in reading these pages one is almost tempted to rise in defence of that much-abused individual, the censor. Only a confirmed cynic could believe that the gentlemen who have held that office in recent years have been so deplorably lost to sense of shame as the authors would give us to understand. Moreover, while cordially agreeing that the public is a more satisfactory censor of the drama than an autocratic individual of possibly blameless life, but of undistinguished intelligence, one suspects from many passages in this book that the reason why the authors wish the stage to be free and untrammelled is primarily in order that plays reflecting the particular aspect of feminism that has been unpleasantly conspicuous during the present theatrical season in New York may be exploited without let or hindrance. Another flaw in the book is the entirely gratuitous attacks upon religion and ministers of religion. We are told that the church has "consistently and indiscriminately denounced" the stage, a statement which, at the least, is altogether too sweeping; and that "if the church had produced an army of social workers and not talkers, such phases of that [the white slave] traffic as are curable would have been cured ten years ago," the fact being, of course, as is generally known, that the church has produced a very considerable army of social workers in this particular field.

Apart from blemishes of this kind and a general tendency to extravagance of statement, Mr. Fowell and Mr. Palmer have done their work well. Their research into the history of the office of Master of Revels, in which the censorship had its origin, has been extensive and conscientious; the story is well told, and its recital is enlivened by a number of racy anecdotes of censorial peculiarities. In more recent times the movement for the abolition of the office of censor is fully described; the proceedings of the Royal Commission of 1909 are carefully analyzed, and its findings given. The whole subject is more thorny than might at first sight appear, for the principle of the censorship has the support of the majority of theatrical managers, whose views are entitled to consideration. For them the licensing of a play is a guarantee that the performance will not subsequently be interfered with by the police. Hence the conclusion of the Commission, that application for a license should be optional, seems a reasonable compromise, and it is regrettable that no action has as yet been taken by Parliament to give effect to the recommendations of the Commission. Even so, however, the compromise would be at the best a *pis aller*. That the morals of Great Britain would not be seriously imperilled by abolishing the institution is, we agree with the authors, sufficiently proved by the fact that music halls in England, which do not enjoy the benefit of the censor's paternal supervision and are constrained only by public opinion exercised through the box office and the police, have improved in tone during the past thirty years quite disproportionately to the advance made by the legitimate theatre.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton rightly calls his "Magic" (Putnam) a fantastic comedy. This quality constitutes its chief merit as a bit of literary composition and its essential weakness as drama. Beginning in a strain of whimsy, it drifts into an apparently serious discussion among representatives of religious faith, scientific agnosticism, blatant materialism, speculative mysticism, and muddle-headed indifferentism—with hints of a possibly tragic issue—and finally ends with a transparent evasion which leaves the reader or spectator in complete doubt as to the intent of the play or the meaning of its author. The framework of the plot is fresh and ingenious and the dialogue full of point and sparkle. The

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arguments, pro and con, if containing nothing new, are exceedingly well put. An easy-going duke, of most elastic principles, has two wards, a niece, who believes in fairies, and a nephew, who has been educated in America, and believes in nothing but business facts. In the whole family there is a taint of insanity. To amuse the niece, the duke hires a conjurer, who poses before the young woman as a magician and is regarded by her as a supernatural being. The nephew ridicules the conjurer offensively, derides his tricks, and angers a scientific doctor and a clergyman by crude professions of atheism. Finally, the conjurer confounds the bumptious youth by changing a distant red light, the doctor's lamp, into a blue one, and the youth is so bewildered by the seeming miracle as to be in danger of permanent insanity. The doctor declares that his only chance of recovery lies in an explanation of the mystery. For a long time the conjurer refuses to give this because no one would believe him. Finally he confesses to the niece, with whom he is in love, that in his pursuit of spiritualistic studies he has unwittingly fallen into the power of evil spirits whose existence he had doubted, and that it was by their aid he had performed his trick. Manifestly, he says, it would do no good to tell the sick man such a story as that. He might have added that it was not a tale that would appeal to a modern audience in contemporaneous drama.

Mr. Chesterton evidently found himself confronted with a dramatic crux, of his own invention, beyond his ingenuity to solve. To dodge it, he makes his repentant conjurer, after prayer, discover a rational but untrue explanation of the phenomenon—which, however, is not given—whereby such senses as he had are restored to the raving youth and everybody is supposed to be satisfied. To crown all, the duke's niece takes the conjurer for her husband. It was scarcely worth while to elaborate so much pretentious debate as a preliminary to such a lame and impotent conclusion. The general implication seems to be that fraudulent imitations of miracles suggest the possibility of real ones, and that there may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy. This on the surface is a tolerably safe proposition, but it does not get much support from a comedy like this, which is suggestive not only of fantasy but of insincerity. There can be no doubt that the conjurer, if he believed in them, ought to have stood by his demons. When he shuffled, the whole fabric of the drama, as drama, collapsed.

Mabel and Edith Taliaferro, under the management of Joseph Brooks, will appear in "Young Wisdom," a comedy by Rachel Crothers, at the Criterion Theatre on Monday, January 5, "The Man Inside" ending its run on January 3. This is their first season as joint stars. "Young Wisdom" is in three acts, and deals with some advanced ideas held by two young women.

Charles Frohman has decided upon Monday, January 5, for the commencement of Maude Adams's New York season. On that night, in the Empire Theatre, she will be seen for the first time in J. M. Barrie's "The Legend of Leonora," his first long play since "What Every Woman Knows."

The London Criterion Theatre company, headed by H. V. Esmond and Miss Eva Moore, will begin their season at the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday, January 7, presenting as their first piece a farcical comedy, "Eliza Comes to Stay," with the entire company which performed it at the Criterion Theatre, London. Mr. Esmond will act other plays while in New York. Probably his second will be "The Dear Fool." Miss Eva Moore (Mrs. Esmond) was formerly the leading lady of the St. James's Theatre, London, where, with George Alexander, she created important parts in many plays that were afterward seen in America. "The Dear Fool" had a recent trial in Edinburgh.

One of the most valuable gifts ever bestowed upon an actor is about to come upon the London market. This is the beautiful set of silver ornaments "Presented to Charles John Kean, F.S.A., by many of his fellow-Etonians, together with numerous friends and admirers among the public," on March 22, 1862. The presentation was made by Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. There are nine pieces of silver in all, the principal one being a large vase embellished with scenes from various Shakespearean plays produced by Kean at the Princess Theatre. Two other large pieces represent figures from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest." The designs were made by H. H. Armstead, R.A. (1828-1905), and the trophy, which was valued at the time of presentation at 2,000 guineas, was executed by Hunt and Roskell.

Music

Memoirs of an American Prima Donna. By Clara Louise Kellogg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

"Too clever to sing well" is an expression attributed to Mme. Maeterlinck. Clara Louise Kellogg is convinced that there is truth in it as well as sarcasm. "Wonderful voices," she declares, "usually are given to people who are, intrinsically, more or less nonentities." She herself is obviously an exception; for until thirty years ago she was one of the most admired singers on the operatic stage, the leading European critic of her time, Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, going so far as to call her "the only one to compare with Patti"; yet she has just given to the world a book of her reminiscences which indicates, among other things, that she owed her successes quite as much to her brains as to her voice. It is an interesting book, from cover to cover, presenting vivid pictures of life on the operatic stage of America and Europe from the year 1861, when she made her début in New York, to the time of her retirement from the stage, shortly after her marriage to her manager, Carl Strakosch, in 1887.

When she began her career, the belief was still current that America could not produce great voices or artists. The girl whose name is legion to-day—the girl who aspires professionally—was almost unknown at that time, and artists, instead of being lionized, were looked at askance. Miss Kellogg's difficulties were increased by the fact that she was regarded as an intruder by the Italians, who, up to that time, had had a monopoly of the operatic stage in America. "Who is she," they would say indignantly, "to come and take the bread out of our mouths?" Overcoming all these obstacles, she was acknowledged a full-fledged prima donna at the age of nineteen, and Europe soon endorsed her successes at home. "She has only one fault," wrote a London journalist: "If she were but English, she would be simply perfect.' The dreaded Chorley found her, though so young, "a thoroughly accomplished singer." He admired her perfect enunciation of the words, her graceful figure, her countenance full of intelligence, and the dramatic ability which she had displayed from the beginning—to such an extent, indeed, that Edwin Booth wanted her to give up singing and go on the dramatic stage, while John Wallack, Lester's father, after hearing her in "Fra Diavolo," exclaimed: "I wish to God that girl would lose her voice!"

Miss Kellogg, though of New England stock, happened to be born and brought up in South Carolina, and her first impressions were of negro music. She has not yet got over her love of the banjo, which fascinated her as a girl, and thinks it a thousand pities that the genuine negro minstrels, in whose performances were all the essence of slavery, and the efforts of the slaves to amuse themselves, have passed away. The first great prima donna she heard, when still an infant in arms, was Jenny Lind; she remembers the day clearly. Ere long she became one of the guild. The most interesting pages of her memoirs are those in which she gives pen pictures of the other great singers she was thrown with, among them Patti, Nilsson, Lucca, Titjiens, Ilma di Murska, Josephine de Reske, Sembrich, Marie Roze, Minnie Hauck, Cary, Nordica, Maurel, Faure, Santley. For Mme. Nordica her admiration was and is particularly great. "Her breathing and tone production are about as nearly perfect as any one's can be, and, if I wanted any young student to learn by imitation, I would say to her, 'Go and hear Nordica and do as nearly like her as you can.'" There is some exaggeration in what she says in her elaborate estimate of the voice and art of Patti (p. 130), concerning whom she remarks that "she has allowed herself few emotions. Every singer knows that emotions are what exhaust and injure the voice. She never acted; and she never, never felt."

Of particular interest is a chapter

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on the royal concerts at Buckingham Palace for which Miss Kellogg was repeatedly engaged. She seems slyly to poke fun at the whole thing. It is rather surprising to find her not particularly enthusiastic over the Parisian theatres, which she thought "very limited and disappointing." She found the French "most obstinate, one-ideaed," especially when she was trying to force on them ideas of her own in acting French parts. An operatic manager said to her: "I think that Mademoiselle will make a mistake if she ever tries anything new!" Whatever the French may have thought of them, Miss Kellogg's ideas about the interpretation of the two most popular of all French operas, "Carmen" and "Faust," are among the best things in her book.

Music is by no means the sole theme of this entertaining volume. Miss Kellogg met many prominent men of letters, including the brilliant Boston galaxy in the days of Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow, and she records some of their sayings. There are also reminiscences of war-time scenes, during which the opera that drew and aroused most enthusiasm was "The Daughter of the Regiment." One gets a vivid idea of life in Russia from her narrative of her own experiences in St. Petersburg. She had an interesting correspondence with a Japanese artist, some of whose letters she prints. But music is never out of sight for more than a page or two. She met some of the great composers, including Gounod and Verdi, with whom she once breakfasted. Among the actors she met was Henry Irving, who told her what he knew about music, which was not much. Her chapter on opera in English, which she was the first to attempt successfully, is of interest at the present moment.

The Schirmers have printed separately nine numbers (including the exquisite Madrigal) from Victor Herbert's latest comic operetta, "The Madcap Duchess." The same publishers have issued "Six Chansons Galantes" from the repertory of Maggie Teyte. They are selections from the comic operas of Grétry, Méhul, Isouard, Dalayrac, and Dezède.

The Imperial Opera in Vienna is spending $32,000 in staging "Parsifal."

A Venetian composer named Francesco Malepiero has received a prize for the best opera offered by Rome. Fifty-five manuscripts were submitted.

A "magnificent folly" is what a French critic calls the operatic venture at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. The manager made the mistake of supposing that because there was a temporary craze for Russian dancing and opera, there was a demand for a permanent company. The result showed average receipts of $400, while the expenses were $1,600 a night. The writer concludes that no opera is possible without a subvention. The Paris Grand Opéra and Opéra Comique get respectively $160,000 and $60,000, yet are kept going with the greatest difficulty. At the end of a recent season the Opéra authorities had to acknowledge a loss of $40,000.

Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" has been used as the basis of an English opera by the novelist, E. F. Benson, and the composer, Napier Miles. It was produced a few weeks ago by the opera class of the London Academy of Music. Speaking of his opera to Robin H. Legge, of the London *Telegraph*, Mr. Miles said:

> During the years in which I was composing the music of the opera, I spent many weeks in the old lighthouse cottage on the top of Lundy at the edge of the cliff, with no land to the west of me nearer than America, but with the Somerset, Devon, and Cornish coasts lying to the south, so that I hope that I have not only soaked myself in the atmosphere of the place, but been able to get some feeling of the sea, the sky, and the sunshine into the music; that, at least, was my aim.

Mr. Miles believes strongly in the folk-song movement, and he knows of at least two folksong operas in preparation.

Art

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

The winter exhibition of the National Academy of Fine Arts is wonderfully well hung this year, and those of us who remember the crowded walls it displayed this time last year are more than satisfied with the improvement brought about by showing fewer works in a more dignified and impressive manner. It seems a pity, however, that a National Academy should be restricted for lack of room, and with each recurring exhibition the hope still springs that the apparently spasmodic and certainly oft-repeated agitation for better quarters will ultimately attain the desired result. That the efforts in this direction have so long been futile is surprising when it has been so easy in the opulent years of the last two decades to get liberal assistance from a generous public for almost any well-presented cause. The artists themselves are in all probability a great deal to blame for the slowness in bringing about the desired improvement, since many of them encourage the public to assume the attitude that the Academy is an antiquated affair that has outlived its usefulness and been supplanted by the one-man exhibition at the dealers and in the studios.

The age of the institution must be granted, but only as an unquestionable advantage and reason for its continuance, since in times past many artistic reputations have been established by it, and a good part of the history of American art is interwoven in the records of its annual exhibitions. And now, in spite of gibes and the tendency to regard the Academy as moribund, its passing could undoubtedly be stayed and its usefulness revived and extended if it were to have proper space for adequate exhibition. Its need seems to be—judging by similiar exhibitions in other countries—a large central room, or rooms, for sculpture, with many smaller ones adjoining; in these last could be shown, as one-man exhibitions, the work of established Academicians, who by their presence could confer honor upon the Academy and, at the same time, receive fresh recognition from the community. Moreover, this kind of exhibition does away with the jarring juxtaposition of the canvases of artists whose vision and interpretation are different or opposed; and also removes the temptation to speak in terms of paint more forcible than the occasion warrants, in order to be heard from the crowded Academy walls.

In the meantime, the present showing in the rooms sums up sixty-three Academicians, fifty-seven Associates, and two hundred and thirty-one non-members, which certainly indicates that for one reason or another members are not vitally interested this year.

Scanning these pictures with the recollection of the recent joyous recovery of a very famous picture fresh in mind, the query occurs to me: if one of these paintings should disappear would there be any deep emotion for the lost canvas? Could not a neighboring one take its place as well, or perchance the artist paint a duplicate without hesitation or ado? Which is, after all, no more than a way of acknowledging that Leonardos are rare at any period of the world's history, and that the work of these artists is not profoundly moving or specially necessary to any one's happiness. Nevertheless, though it may not widen the vision or give that exquisite pleasure that comes from the realization of independent thinking adequately expressed, the exhibition as a whole emphasizes how astonishingly well these finely trained, clever, and discriminating artists put themselves upon canvas.

Richard Miller's nude is a case somewhat in point. The white draperies on the chair, the deep opalescent colors of the robe of the standing figure, the reflections in the mirror, the jewel case, and the one bright red flower held against the black hair of the nude figure, combine to make an interesting color setting for the firmly modelled flesh with its pearly shadows and delicate pink tones; but beyond these qualities it does not go, and leaves the feeling that an artist who has the skill to compass so much should have the power to see and express far more.

Of course, all the subjects that usually appear in the exhibition are represented this year, and among them the marines are noticeably interesting. Ritschel's Rocks and Breakers (to which the Carnegie prize is awarded) is full of the power and sweep of the incoming tide in the deep waters of the Pacific Coast; Howard Russell Butler's glorious

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Day, Maine Coast, brings suggestion of the freshness and freedom of north-shore air and water; Hayler Lever is a new name that is brought to notice by the strong pure color and poor construction of his picture, entitled Smeaton Quay, St. Ives; Emile Carlsen's decorative Sky and Ocean gives the gentle roll of billows under the summer heavens. Childe Hassam's two pictures are of sea and shore in resplendent sunlight, with the interest of figures besides, but his Diana has taken a most uncomfortable pose as to her uplifted arms and a most firmly planted one as to her feet. It is hard to believe that she could ever extract herself from that pool.

Elsewhere there are not so many snow scenes as sometimes, and the excellence of those that do appear has no element of the unexpected in it, since this is the sort of thing Scofield and Redfield have done extraordinarily well before to-day. Redfield arrests and holds the attention more in his other picture —Between Daylight and Darkness— which shows a wide sweep of New York buildings, with myriads of electric lights shining forth across the mystery of a great city, in the fast settling gloom of approaching night.

Among the other landscapes there are many more than can be mentioned that deserve recognition for sincerity of purpose and honest study of nature; as, for example, William Coffin's two admirable pictures in which saturated atmosphere and cloud shadow on the drenched fields are simply and effectively shown. Bruce Crane manages to put poetry and simplicity into his landscapes, and there is a quiet sincerity about Van Laer's November Afternoon that brings the gaze back to it with increasing appreciation. On the other hand, Daniel Garber's more pretentious work does not grow in favor with greater familiarity; perchance there are mannerisms and repetitions that call for back-to-nature study as a necessity, even for romantic and semi-decorative landscape.

In a class by itself is the Waterfall, by John Sargent, loaned for this exhibition. The view of the frowning granite cliffs that he has painted with so much power and significance kindles the desire to see how he might interpret that elusive chasm of many moods and difficulties—the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

In figures, there are the Indians by Couse, by Blumenschein, and by Sharp. The first seems over-sophisticated and sentimental; the second is a good decorative composition, with an attractive detail in the shape of a shy Indian child; and the third is not very interesting, and probably never would have been at all if Couse had not done it, or its like, first. Another figure that attracts in the way of disappointment is Hawthorne's Widow. The gloom of her bereavement has settled upon her garb and background and rendered them quite lifeless, while her eyes are dull with a far-away stare, not unfamiliar in Hawthorne's pictures.

The portraits of children by Lydia Field Emmet are finely executed. Especially The Good Little Girl pleases, with her innocent self-satisfaction, and the detachment of her figure from the background is an unobtrusive but extremely able piece of painting. Another portrait to be mentioned is that of Mrs. Irving Wiles, by her husband, which wins the Proctor prize, with easy, decided brushwork, good textures, rich blacks, and clear flesh tones and shadows.

In sculpture Paul Manship is the recipient of the Helen Foster Barnett prize, for his archaistic group, The Centaur and Dryad; and, incidentally, all of the nine small pieces he is now exhibiting are the subject of much comment for their originality and charm. This attention is but the renewal of the interest his work commanded last winter in the exhibition of the Architectural League, just after his return from his three years in Rome. His style is an odd mixture of freedom and conventionality. There is a largeness in his manner of handling a solidity, and thoroughness in his modelling, an elimination of non-essentials, and a consequent massiveness of appearance, that is very impressive. In spite of the smallness of his figures, they are more statuesque in effect than much larger forms of more complicated treatment. His freedom and his modernity are expressed in the important parts of his work—there he gives no hint of reversion to archaic forms; but in the details, of hair and ornaments, or in the setting of an eye that can only be seen in front view though the figure is in profile, he gives the archaistic touch, which may be a pose; but, if so, is an allowable one, and piquant, but is by no means vital for the real excellence of the work. The restraint and beauty of his vase—Greco-Egyptian in design and in decoration—is most admirable; the little figure of Spring Awakening is instinct with life and joy down to the very toes, and if the head, with its archaistic rings of hair and slanting eyes, offends, it could be knocked off, and still the figure would express gladness; and the Portrait Statuette might be a full-sized woman, it is so simple, dignified, and stately. The world seems all before this young sculptor, still somewhere under thirty-five, according to the terms of the Barnett prize, and we may see him doing yet greater things, for which he has the foundation well laid. At any rate, it may be noticed his work is not in any way influenced by Rodin—so long the young sculptor's aim and idol; rather, I should say, he is of that newer school of sculpture, more simplified and architectural in its tendencies and represented by Maillol, the Frenchman, and the semi-English Epstein. L. S.

Chotscho: Facsimile-Wiedergaben der wichtigeren Funde der ersten königlich Preussischen Expedition nach Turfan in Ost-Turkistan. By A. von Le Coq. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Vohsen). 130 marks.

On the ground-floor of the Royal Ethnographical Museum at Berlin, just behind the Schliemann collection of Trojan antiquities, are now to be seen the original paintings, statuary, and some of the manuscripts which Professor von Le Coq brought with him from Chinese Turkestan. The present volume, handsomely illustrated with 75 plates, of which 45 are colored, deals especially with the most important mural paintings, the paintings on canvas and on silk, the lesser arts, and the excavated sites, whereas the manuscripts, of which there are more than thirty thousand, are publishing elsewhere.

In the introduction of eighteen pages our author sketches in a fascinating manner the history of the journey from Berlin to the Turfan Valley, and then gives, with illustrations and ground-plans, a description of the discovered sites. Of these, the most important is Chotscho, or Kucha, as the English write it, sometimes also called Idikutshari. After this introduction there follows a full-page description of each plate, in which the author only too seldom attempts an interpretation of the pictures. Indeed, he interprets only one of the large mural paintings (text to pl. 23), though many of the others certainly illustrate legends either of the predecessors of Gautama Buddha or of the god himself.

The first to excavate systematically in East Turkestan were the Russians, under Dr. Klementz, in 1898. Later Dr. Stein made excavations for the English at Khotan in the Tarim Basin, southwest of the Turfan oasis. During the winter of 1902 Professor Grünwedel and Dr. Huth made an expedition to the Turfan Valley and discovered a large sacred precinct of Buddhistic monasteries and temples at Idikutshari (Chotscho), dating from the ninth century of our era. Professor Grünwedel made plans of the buildings and drawings of the mural paintings, but he did not attempt to remove the pictures. The expedition of Professor von Le Coq, the chief results of which are published in the monumental work before us for review, covers a period of almost two years, 1904-1906, not counting the journey. Much of his time was spent in cutting the paintings from the walls and carefully packing them in boxes for exportation to Berlin, thus preserving forever what would otherwise have been soon destroyed. At present he is again

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excavating in northern Chinese Turkestan.

The earliest inhabitants of this country were probably of Iranian stock, though other Indo-Germanic tribes may have lived there. As it appears from the finds, their architecture, art, and religion did not come from China, but from Persia and India. Peaceably, side by side, there lived in the Turfan Valley Uighur Tartars, Buddhists from India and China, Nestorian Christians from Syria, and followers of the Persian Mani. About 700 A. D. Turkish-speaking Buddhists, the Uighuri, the first among the Turks to acquire a high grade of culture, are found in possession of the country. The influence of the Syrian Christians had already been felt in the seventh century, whereas in the middle of the eighth century the Manichæans were so influential that many of the Uighuri were converted to their religion. This brought renewed Persian influence into the land, and accounts for the strong influence of Persian miniature-painting seen in many of the pictures discovered by Professor von Le Coq. The Uighuri reached their zenith during the next hundred years. Their power was brought to a sudden close, according to our author, in 843. Later there was a partial restoration of Chotscho lasting until the end of the fourteenth century, when Islamism gave the final death-blow to this unique civilization. After that time it was no longer the meeting-place of nations and of tongues.

The mural paintings are in tempera on plaster or mud smeared over the adobe walls of the buildings. The figures, often life-size, were first sketched in outline. Occasionally a stencil was used, as in the Lamaistic art of to-day. Then the drapery and other details were painted with a bold stroke and the outlines retouched. Especially charming are the floral designs and tendrils that fill the field. The great skill shown in distributing the pictures over the wall-space at the disposal of the artist was evidently an antique inheritance. The grouping often reminds one of the Gandhara art of India. The subjects are altogether religious in nature.

Stone sculptures are rare and are found only in the shape of small pillars with reliefs of Buddha. The most common material was sun-dried mud, covered with a white slip and then painted or gilded. This material was used even for colossal statues of Buddha, standing, sitting, or reclining. The heads of the statues are usually made from moulds, many of which have actually been found. It is significant for the interpretation of the wall-paintings that the sculptures in a room are intended to form a part of the picture; thus the statue of Buddha often has its attendant figures painted on the wall.

The decorative sculptures and the paintings belong to the same period as the erection of the buildings, the oldest about 600 A. D., the youngest not later than 1400. These dates also hold for the movable objects, such as paintings on canvas and silk, the miniatures on paper from books, the wood-carvings and the objects in bronze, terracotta, and leather.

The colored plates in Professor von Le Coq's book are masterpieces of modern technique, and faithfully reproduce the originals. He is to be congratulated on this scholarly piece of work, which will serve as the basis for all future investigation along these lines. Perhaps the most valuable result of the German expedition is the discovery of the missing stepping-stone by which Græco-Indian art advanced across Asia to China and Japan.

Walter Hawley's "Oriental Rugs, Antique and Modern" (Lane) covers familiar ground, but with more thoroughness than any previous English work on the subject. When a book must treat the entire field from the earliest examples to the commercially made carpet of to-day, the distribution of space becomes difficult. It seems to us that Mr. Hawley has been judicious in this regard. The delightful Saracenic rugs, which are perhaps erroneously ascribed to Damascus, should have had something more than bare mention; more attention, too, might well have been given to saddle-bags and pillow mats. Doubtless such subjects were sacrificed to the need of classifying a great number of weaves. Mr. Hawley's peculiar contribution is a close analysis of the weave. Early connoisseurs have stood chiefly on the knotting and the pattern. Mr. Hawley shows very interestingly that discriminations otherwise difficult may readily be made by studying the relation of warp to weft as revealed by the back of the rug. It all depends upon the pulling of the double knot and the tension of the weft-yarns. If the weft be left loose, it encases the warp regularly like a tube; if the weft be drawn tight, the warp is drawn in at each crossing and virtually disappears. Each knot, whether Ghiordes or Sehna, is cast on two strands of warp, in what sailors would call hitches. According to the knotting, the two warp threads may lie parallel with the plane of the rug or one may be pulled up above the other. This produces characteristic effects on the back of the rug, and these habits of the loom are singularly persistent in given localities. This well-made book is in the large quarto form familiar through Mumford's classic work. There are eleven full-page color plates, beginning with the Ardebil carpet, and eighty half-tone cuts. Especially useful are the diagrammatic tables of typical border stripes of the various weaves. As a working treatise for collectors and rug-buyers generally, it seems to us the best now in the field.

Architects, designers, and interior decorators will welcome "Louis XVI Furniture" (Putnam), by Seymour De Ricci. It is said to be the first entire volume devoted to the so-called "antique" style, which in the later years of Louis XV abruptly supplanted the rococo manner, and which took its name from the succeeding monarch. The story of the evolution of the style is told in some 360 pictures, arranged in series so as first to show a number of complete interiors from Paris (including Versailles and Fontainebleau), the French provinces, Switzerland, and Germany; then isolated decorative panels, mantel pieces, and doors; and finally various individual pieces of furniture. A short introduction to the pictures indicates that the author is thoroughly sympathetic with the Louis XVI work and not very fond of the preceding *rocaille*. "A body of artistic conceptions," he writes, "based upon an absence of all symmetry had, in its very essence, something outrageous; such an excess of eccentricities, despite all the talent of its protagonists, Slodtz, Caffieri, and Meissonier, could not endure; it only lasted as long as it did thanks to the artisans whose prudence, when executing their work, considerably tempered the uncontrollable ardor of the designers." The nature of the reaction from rococo to neo-classicism is illustrated by several instructive citations from eighteenth-century documents not generally familiar. The book was printed at Stuttgart; it is not free from typographical errors.

Excavations are proceeding at Ostia under the direction of Prof. Dante Vaglieri with interesting results. On the site of the Forum and on the east side of the Temple of Vulcan the remains of shops constructed of tufa have been found, and at a lower level other shops of the oldest town of Ostia on this site have been detected. The wooden pavement of these buildings may be inferred from the charred remains of beams which are still preserved. Professor Vaglieri argues from this discovery that the shops which once stood in the Forum at Rome were also of wood and of similar construction. At present he is excavating a large building, also in the Forum, which it is hoped will prove to be the Basilica.

Finance

THE COUNTRY AND THE BANKING BILL.

Beginning a week ago to-day, after a fortnight of uncertainty and declining prices, the New York stock market suddenly began to rise. With the advance, activity in trading increased; at the beginning of this week, after the largest business in two months, prices of many important shares were up 5 points or more, and what Wall Street calls the "undertone" of the market seemed to be altogether changed. This reversal of form did not occur in response to anything in the financial news. The Wall Street money rate had, to be sure, declined; but as against this stood the week's signs of disturbance on the European stock exchanges.

The single overnight news development, between Wednesday's closing and the opening on Thursday, was the agree-

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ment of the Senate Democratic caucus, at Washington, on several changes in the Banking and Currency bill in line with conservative opinion. With the making of these changes it became evident that the bill was on its way to immediate enactment. During last week's rise on the Stock Exchange Wall Street ascribed the buying to this news.

Having gone to the conference committee of House and Senate—where further amendments of a conservative nature were incorporated—the bill is now a law. It will presently be in active operation, and the certainty of the early introduction of the new banking and currency machinery makes it important now to ask, What will be its longer effect on the finances of the country? The Wall Street market may have risen because it believed that the "rediscounting plan" would relieve our money tension; or because an irritating uncertainty of legislation would be out of the way; or because it expected currency inflation; or, quite as possibly, because of some other reason unconnected with the bill. But what of the real outlook?

Of the effect of the new law in at least one direction, there is no doubt whatever. That it will altogether abolish financial panic is not in the least to be expected. Human nature, excesses of speculation, and abuse of credit would have to be abolished first. But the precise phenomena of 1907—the grasping by each of our 25,000 banks at the other's reserves; their suspension of cash payments because of the hoarding of currency; and, finally, the open market premium on all kinds of currency and the issue of emergency paper money—would not be possible.

In a similar panic outbreak, under the new system, every individual bank in each of the four or eight banking districts would at once apply to its regional central bank for the necessary currency. To get this currency, in whatever sum it needed, it would tender its own commercial paper holdings to the regional bank, which would rediscount such offerings, open a book credit against them, and allow the individual bank, on the basis of that credit, to obtain and pay out notes issued at once through the regional central bank.

The next point of interest would be, just how the system probably would work in the autumn "harvest demand." We should no longer have the mountain of re-deposited country bank reserves in Chicago and New York, against which interior banks draw cash by the tens of millions, with the familiar resultant loan contraction. The country bank would tender its merchants' paper for rediscount at its regional institution, and thereby establish an enlarged reserve. It could then expand its loans. When it came to getting the requisite supplies of currency for paying the farm-hands and providing the till-money of country stores in the active season, it would draw, as against that credit, either the present small notes of Government currency or the new reserve notes.

When the farm-hands have been paid off, and both the "autumn re-stocking" and the "holiday trade" completed, five to ten millions in currency per week will come back, under the present system, to the New York banks from the interior. Under the new system, a country bank, with its customers paying off their loans and its deposits swelled by return of currency from the channels of retail trade, would naturally reduce its own liabilities to its regional central bank. This it could do by sending to that central bank not only the superfluous reserve money in its vaults, but the notes similarly returned from circulation.

All this would leave two serious questions open. Under the new provisions, the reserves of the individual banks are much reduced, and a good part of the prescribed reserves may consist of the proceeds of its own commercial paper, rediscounted at a central bank. Would this mean so great facility for increasing loans, and so little of the old-time "rope to the balloon" (which the larger cash reserve requirement provided), as to encourage undue expansion, not of the currency, but of credit? This is perhaps the most difficult of all points on which to make confident prediction. It is, however, just this problem which every European central bank has had to meet, and they have met it through the raising of the official bank rate for rediscount, whenever private banks were spreading out too far.

But this very fact draws attention to the second uncertainty. Would the management of our regional banks be quick to adopt such policy, if they saw that the member institutions were encouraging undue speculation? Our great city bankers have not been in all respects noted in the past for the pursuance of a money-market policy which was based on putting up discount rates with the open purpose of checking and obstructing a speculative movement, based on expanded credit. Still, with the new banking system will come new responsibilities, and a bank directorate which deals with banks alone is something different from one which deals with powerful individuals.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, E. D. The Power of Ideals in American History. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.15 net.

Benson, H. K. Industrial Chemistry for Engineering Students. Macmillan. $1.90 net.

Bhartrihari, The Satakas or Wise Sayings of. Translated from the Sanskrit by J. M. Kennedy. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.25 net.

Burroughs, John. Studies in Nature and Literature. (Riverside Essays.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.

Culverwell, E. P. The Montessori Principles and Practice. John Martin's House. $1.25 net.

Caldwell, William. Pragmatism in Idealism. Macmillan.

Carlyle's French Revolution. 3 vols. (Nos. 23, 24, 25 Bohn's Popular Library series.) Macmillan. 35 cents each.

Chambrun, Countess de. The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence. Putnam.

Chase, W. E. Poems. Revised, enlarged edition. Madison, Wis.: W. E. Chase.

Clifford, C. R. The Lace Dictionary. Pocket Edition. Clifford & Lawton. $2.

Cole, G. D. H. The World of Labor. Macmillan. $1.60.

Condon, Amasa S. A Handful of Flowers with Sprays of Evergreen. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Cowen, Frederic H. My Art and My Friends. Longmans. $3 net.

Cromer, Earl of. Political and Literary Essays. Macmillan. $3.25.

Crowninshield, F. B. Cleopatra's Barge: The Story of George Crowninshield's Yacht on a Voyage of Pleasure to the Western Islands and the Mediterranean, 1816-17. Boston: D. B. Updike. $15 net.

Dixon, J. K. The Vanishing Race: The Last Great Indian Council. Doubleday, Page. $3.50.

Economic Club of New York. Year Book, Vol. III, containing the Addresses of 1912-1913.

Familiar Song Classics. Edited by Baldwin and Newton. Boston: Ginn. 10 cents.

Fitz Simon, Vincent A. The Ten Christian Pastorals of Vergil. Printed for the Author by J. J. Little & Ives Co.

Forrester, I. L. The Polly Page Motor Club. Phila.: Jacobs. $1 net.

From Contemporary Sources, selected and arranged in three volumes. Vol. I, Narrative Extracts. Longmans. $3 net.

Fuchs, Adele. Henry Lawson, ein Australischer Dichter. Vienna: Braumüller.

German Classics of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. Vols. IV and V. German Publication Society.

Hanson, W. T. The Early Life of John Howard Payne. Boston: Privately printed.

Henderson, Archibald. European Dramatists. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.

Henderson, H. G. When Sainthood Was in Flower. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Illinois. Sixth Report, Bureau of Labor Statistics: Industrial Accidents, for year ending December 31, 1912. Springfield.

Innes, A. D. A History of England and the British Empire. (Four vols.) Vol. I, to 1485. Macmillan. $1.60.

Kirkup, Thomas. A History of Socialism. Fifth edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.50.

Knowles, Joseph. Alone in the Wilderness. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

Kuhnemann, Eugen. Vom Weltreich des deutschen Geistes: Reden und Aufsätze. Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

Library of Congress. Report of the Superintendent of the Library Buildings and Grounds for the year ending June, 1913. Washington.

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Macaulay's History of England, with Illustrations. Vol. I (total 6 vols.). Macmillan. $3.25 net.

MacCracken, H. N. The College Chaucer. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

Meredith, George. Up to Midnight. Boston: Luce. 75 cents.

Meriwether, Colyer. Raphael Semmes. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Merrill, W. A. The Archetype of Lucretius. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Newman, J. H. University Subjects. (Riverside Essays.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.

North, S. N. D., and R. H. Simeon North. Boston, Mass.: The Arms Co.

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Orchard, T. N. Milton's Astronomy. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Pearce, J. I., jr. Heart's-Ease and Hawthorn; Myrtle and Rue; The Strange Case of Eric Marotté. Chicago: The Author. $1.50 each.
Perry, Bliss. The American Mind and American Idealism. (Riverside Essays.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.
Phillips, H. A. Art in Short-Story Narration; The Plot of the Short Story. Larchmont, N. Y.: Stanhope-Dodge Pub. Co.
Pollard, A. F. The Reign of Henry VII.
Porter, S. J. The Twelve Gemmed Crown: Christ in Hebrews. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.
Questions of Public Policy: Addresses delivered in the Page Lecture Series, 1913. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $1.25 net.
Reeves, Mrs. Pember. Round about a Pound a Week. Macmillan. $1 net.
Richards, H. E. The Panama Canal Controversy: A Lecture. Oxford University Press.
Rich, Hiram. Leaves on the Tide, and Other Poems. Boston: John S. Lockwood. $1 net.
Ross, Robert. Forty-three Drawings by Alastair. Lane. $12 net.
Rothert, O. A. A History of Muhlenberg County. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co.
Salusbury, John, and Chester, Robert. Poems. Introduction by Carleton Brown. Bryn Mawr College Monographs.
Sampson, J. F. Chronicles of Old Riverby. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Shackford, M. H. Legends and Satires from Mediæval Literature. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Stobart, Mrs. St. Clair. War and Women. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Sultan, Simon. A Thanksgiving Tale, and Other Poems. Socialist Literature Co.
Sumner, W. G. Earth Hunger, and Other Essays. Edited by A. G. Keller. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $2.25 net.
Symons, Arthur. Knave of Hearts. 1894-1908. Lane. $1.50 net.
Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Watt, Francis. The Book of Edinburgh Anecdote. Scribner.
Willcox, C. De W. A Reader of Scientific and Technical Spanish. Sturgis & Walton. $1.75 net.
Wilson, E. H. A Naturalist in Western China. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page.
Work, M. C. Auction Developments. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Zweig, Stefan. Paul Verlaine. Trans. by O. F. Theis. Boston: Luce. 75 cents.

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